

# BALLADS OF THE BRAVE

POEMS OF CHIVALRY, ENTERPRISE  
COURAGE AND CONSTANCY

FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE PRESENT DAY

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A., D.LITT.

CANON OF LIMERICK

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I tell of the thrice-famous deeds she wrought in ancient days"

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## PREFACE TO FOURTH EDITION

I MUST not call this edition of "Ballads of the Brave" a new book, but certainly it is not the old one.

To begin with, the poems, hitherto arranged in unbroken sequence of time, are now grouped according to their spirit and purpose; thus, while maintaining within their several sections due chronological order, affording relief from monotony and facility in reference.

Since the collection, while appealing to all, young or old, who love the spirit of chivalry and gay adventure, is yet specially designed for the use of boys, I had better say a word as to that particular service.

While holding fast to my original belief that, if you wish to please a boy's poetical palate, you must give him songs about swords and ships, not about primroses and pet lambs, I have modified my views as to the degree up to which his taste should be regarded. In earlier editions of this book, I think I was too complacent; I gave the boy too much blood and thunder, and not always blood of the noblest vein or thunder from the bravest forge. Now, while following, I try to guide, his natural instincts. Browsing in these pastures, any boy, I hope, will learn the relish of true literature. But I would not have him turned out to graze all unwatched: I would have him gently turned towards the thymy banks and the clover beds.

Dealing, as, inevitably, these pages largely do, with battle and violent deeds, they might tend, if left quite to themselves, to foster something of a spirit of pugnacity. I trust that older people having surveillance of a boy's reading will try to make him feel wherein fighting is good and wherein evil, pointing out that the daring, the duty, the devotion, of the soldier may move our praise and tears, while the war itself moves only our indignant shame. Again, a boy should be taught to feel literary sympathy apart from moral approval. The fiercest hater of King Charles the First should love the gallant jingle of ~~the~~ cavalier lyrics, and his most devoted adherent should rejoice in the tidal flow of Maeculay's "Battle of Naseby," the one good fighting thing done in verse on the Roundhead side. All these poems are savage and ferocious, but they are faithful memorials of a savage and ferocious feud; their literary spirit is as fine as their moral spirit is ugly and depraved.

And, once again, some of us may suspect the purity of the morals of buccaneers; many think that highwaymen had not all the right on the side of their "Hands up"; many even urge that pugilists were rough and sometimes shifty too; but we shall be very strait precisians if we refuse ourselves the delight of literary sympathy when Charles Kingsley, Alfred Noyes, and Conan Doyle sing of the pleasant Isle of Avés, of Bendy's Sermon, with its strenuously personal application, and of the gallant girl who gave her life to save her plundering lover.

But one must not be led to think that all the deeds of chivalry and courage are made to run against the moral grain. There is a large margin of daring that was devotion; of courage that was Christly: we have the hospital nurse here and the martyr, and the rough man, perhaps outside all Christian folds, who yet went one long step with the Founder of them all, and laid down his life for his friends.

On reading through these poems I have stumbled

very often over a difficulty—philological or syntactical. Very often I have been at sea about a locality, a name, or a circumstance. Really one's ignorance is more comprehensive and catholic than one is at all disposed to believe; one does not understand half the things that go without explanation. To put my readers in a better position than that in which I found myself, I have hunted out references and allusions, and have left, I hope, few difficulties without an attempt at their solution. The wise must bear the burden of the simple and pardon needless notes.

The criticisms of style and metrical effect are meant mainly for older readers, but some young ones, I hope, will take the trouble to read them. Receive the heart of our song into your own; have its beat in your blood, its breath in your lungs, its movement in your limbs; and you are not far from inheriting the divine kingdom of poetry. But you cannot understand life without studying anatomy; to feel song you must meddle with metre; for poetry, like the poet, is made as well as born. Against the detestable sacrilege, strangely common among anthologists, of breaking up poems, of omitting stanzas and of altering titles, I have borne my humble testimony by printing everything as the author left it; only once or twice have I permitted myself to give less than a whole poem.

During the two and twenty years that have elapsed since the first issue of this book many things have happened, favourably to its present purpose. The expiration of the copyright of much of the work of Tennyson, Browning, Kingsley, and others has made me free of golden orchards watched hitherto by stern, if courteous, dragons. I have not neglected to shake the pippins down. Also new stars have arisen since 1889: they shed a brilliant lustre over the later pages of this book. In the realm of narrative poetry—in the gallant trick of telling a story, in the spirit of high adventure, the delight of action, the joy of generous blood, and in

all the proud craftsmanship of verse—Kipling, Newbolt and Noyes are very hard to beat. Many of their splendid things are here, for all men to admire.

Those two and twenty crowded years have given us, too, a wider sky, a new realm of sport and adventure, a clearer national voice. All these things, I am glad to think, are present in this book, and make a braver air.

The word "Ballads" in my title is used for poems with a story. There is no substitute, I think, that is not either cumbersome or flat.

In one other regard I should like to say a deprecating word. This book must not be judged as an anthology pure and simple. Besides the purpose of assembling the masterpieces of chivalric verse, there have been the purposes of linking an historical chain, and of covering, as far as might be, the whole field of bravery. Those purposes have involved once and again the opening of my gates to the best that came. For some small things of my own, I can only say that they are reluctant and trembling volunteers, only too willing to fall out of the ranks if better blood will fall in.

I finish my work with a sense of proud wonder at our inheritance of noble verse. Nowhere in the fields of English poetry can one live awhile without surprise at its revelations of splendour; but in none of its fields are its glories so rich, so various, so much our own, as in this, for the very spirit which has made our world-wide England has inspired and shaped these "Ballads of the Brave".

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE

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# BALLADS OF THE BRAVE

## I

### BATTLES LONG AGO

*Will no one tell me what she sings?  
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
For old, unhappy, far-off things,  
And battles long ago.*

*William Wordsworth, "The Solitary Reaper".*

*O Troy's down,  
Tall Troy's on fire.*

*Dante Gabriel Rossetti, "Troy Town".*

## I

### A BATTLE BEFORE TROY

(SIEGE OF TROY, 1316-1307 B.C.)

So rank after rank they rolled onward, the Danaan men,  
to the war  
Without cease; through the trampling the cry of the  
captains rang out evermore;  
But in silence the rest of them followed,—thou never hadst  
deemed, I trow,  
That so mighty a host with a voice in their breasts could  
be marching so,—  
Hushed with the fear of their chiefs, and about them  
glanced and played  
The wavering sheen of the armour wherein were their  
squadrons arrayed.

But the Trojans,—as sheep in the garth of a lord of  
pastured land  
In throngs upon countless throngs at the hour of milking  
stand,  
And they bleat evermore to the young lambs' quavering  
cry from the fold ;  
So over the wide war-host their mingled clamour rolled :  
For not one was the language of these, nor the speech of  
their lips the same,  
But confusion of tongues, forasmuch as from diverse lands  
they came.  
It was Ares that sped these onward, Athene the grey-eyed  
those,  
And Terror and Rout, and Strife mad-famishing ever for  
foes ;  
Sister she is and companion of Ares the murder-red ;  
Little of stature she showeth at first, but her towering head  
Soon smiteth the sky, while her feet on the earth amid  
men-folk tread.  
Now in the midst of the armies the Spirit of Hate she hath  
thrown,  
Through the war-throng sweeping, and doubling the anguish  
of men, and the moan.  
Ever the mid-space narrowed, till closing they mingled,  
and then  
Clashed targets together, and spears, and the fury of brass-  
mailed men :  
Dashed each against other the boss-studded bucklers that  
strong arms bore :  
And the din shrieked up to the heaven, and roar was  
swallowed of roar ;  
And the agony-scream and the triumphing shout maddened  
up evermore  
From the slayers and them that they slew, and the earth  
ran streams of gore.  
And even as winter-tide torrents, down-rushing from steep  
hill-sides  
Hurl their wild waters in one where a cleft of mountain  
divides,  
Till the floods of the mighty fountains pent in the deep  
gorge boil,

And the shepherd afar on the mountains heareth the mad  
turmoil ;

So from the bickering tangle came shouting and battle-toil.

*Homer's "Iliad," Book iv. Tr. by A. S. Way.*

## 11

## THE TROJANS KEEP VIGIL

So Hector said, and sea-like roar'd his host ;  
Then loosed their sweating horses from the yoke,  
And each beside his chariot bound his own ;  
And oxen from the city, and goodly sheep  
In haste they drove, and honey-hearted wine  
And bread from out the houses brought, and heap'd  
Their firewood, and the winds from off the plain  
Roll'd the rich vapour far into the heaven.

And these all night upon the bridge of war  
Sat glorying ; many a fire before them blazed :  
As when in heaven the stars about the moon  
Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,  
And every height comes out, and jutting peak  
And valley, and the immeasurable heavens  
Break open to their highest, and all the stars  
Shine, and the Shepherd gladdens in his heart :  
So many a fire between the ships and stream  
Of Xanthus blazed before the towers of Troy,  
A thousand on the plain ; and close by each  
Sat fifty in the blaze of burning fire ;  
And champing golden grain, the horses stood  
Hard by their chariots, waiting for the dawn.

*Homer's "Iliad," Book viii. Tr. by Lord Tennyson.*

## 111

## THE ARMING OF ACHILLES

Full in the midst, high-towering o'er the rest,  
His limbs in arms divine Achilles drest ;  
Arms which the father of the fire bestow'd,  
Forged on th' eternal anvils of the god.

Grief and revenge his furious heart inspire ;  
 His glowing eye-balls roll with living fire ;  
 He grinds his teeth ; and, furious with delay,  
 O'erlooks the embattled host and hopes the bloody day.

The silver cuishes first his thighs infold :  
 Then o'er his breast was brac'd the hollow gold :  
 The brazen sword a various baldric tied,  
 That, starr'd with gems, hung glittering at his side :  
 And, like the moon, the broad refulgent shield  
 Blazed with long rays, and gleam'd athwart the field.

Next, his high head the helmet graced ; behind,  
 The sweepy crest hung floating in the wind :  
 Like the red star, that from his flaming hair  
 Shakes down diseases, pestilence and war ;  
 So stream'd the golden honours from his head,  
 Trembled the sparkling plumes, and the loose glories shed.

The chief beholds himself with wondering eyes ;  
 His arms he poises, and his motions tries ;  
 Buoy'd by some inward force, he seems to swim,  
 And feels a pinion lifting every limb.

And now he shakes his great paternal spear,  
 Ponderous and huge ! which not a Greek could rear.  
 From Pelion's cloudy top an ash entire  
 Old Chiron fell'd, and shap'd it for his sire ;  
 A spear which stern Achilles only wields,  
 The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.

*Homer's "Iliad," Book xix. Tr. by Pope.*

#### IV

### THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

*(From "Hebrew Melodies")*

(B.C. 710)

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,  
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;  
 And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,  
 When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,  
That host with their banners at sunset were seen ;  
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,  
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,  
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd ;  
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,  
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still !

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,  
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride ;  
And the form of his gasping lay white on the turf,  
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,  
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail ;  
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,  
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,  
And the idols are broke in the temple of Babel ;  
And the might of the Gentile, unsmeared by the sword,  
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

*Lord Byron, " Poetical Works ".*

v

## SONG OF SAUL BEFORE HIS LAST BATTLE

*(From " Hebrew Melodies ")*

*(BATTLE OF GILBOA, B.C. 1056)*

Warriors and chiefs ! should the shaft or the sword  
Pierce me in leading the host of the Lord,  
Heed not the corse, though a king's, in your path :  
Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath !

Thou who art bearing my buckler and bow,  
Should the soldiers of Saul look away from the foe,  
Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet !  
Mine be the doom which they dared not to meet.

## iv

From lordly Volaterræ,  
 Where scowls the far-famed hold  
 Piled by the hands of giants  
 For godlike kings of old ;  
 From seagirt Populonia,  
 Whose sentinels descry  
 Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops  
 Fringing the southern sky ;

## v

From the proud mart of Pisa,  
 Queen of the western waves,  
 Where ride Massilia's triremes  
 Heavy with fair-haired slaves ;  
 From where sweet Clauis wainlets  
 Through corn and vines and flowers ;  
 From where Cortona lifts to heaven  
 Her diadem of towers.

## vi

Tall are the oaks whose acorns  
 Drop in dark Anser's rill ;  
 Fat are the stags that champ the boughs  
 Of the Ciminian hill ;  
 Beyond all streams Clitumnus  
 Is to the herdsman dear ;  
 Best of all pools the fowler loves  
 The great Volturnian mere.

## vii

But now no stroke of woodman  
 Is heard by Anser's rill ;  
 No hunter tracks the stag's green path  
 Up the Ciminian hill ;  
 Unwatched along Clitumnus  
 Grazes the milk-white steer ;  
 Unharm'd the water fowl may dip  
 In the Volturnian mere.



## viii

The harvests of Arretium,  
 This year, old men shall reap ;  
 This year, young boys in Umbro  
 Shall plunge the struggling sheep ;  
 And in the vats of Luna,  
 This year, the must shall foam  
 Round the white feet of laughing girls  
 Whose sires have marched to Rome.

## ix

There be thirty chosen prophets,  
 The wisest of the land,  
 Who alway by Lars Porsena  
 Both morn and evening stand ;  
 Evening and morn the Thirty  
 Have turned the verses o'er,  
 Traced from the right on linen white  
 By mighty seers of yore.

## x

And with one voice the Thirty  
 Have their glad answer given :  
 " Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena ;  
 Go forth, beloved of Heaven ;  
 Go, and return in glory  
 To Clusium's royal dome ;  
 And hang round Nurscia's altars  
 The golden shields of Rome ".

## xi

And now hath every city  
 Sent up her tale of men ;  
 The foot are fourscore thousand,  
 The horse are thousands ten :  
 Before the gates of Sutrium  
 Is met the great array.  
 A proud man was Lars Porsena  
 Upon the trysting day.

## xli

For all the Etruscan armies  
 Were ranged beneath his eye,  
 And many a banished Roman,  
 And many a stout ally :  
 And with a mighty following  
 To join the muster came  
 The Tusculan Mamilius,  
 Prince of the Latian name.

## xlii

But by the yellow Tiber  
 Was tumult and alfright :  
 From all the spacious campaign  
 To Rome men took their flight,  
 A mile around the city,  
 The throng stopped up the ways :  
 A fearful sight it was to see  
 Through two long nights and days

## xlv

For aged folks on crutches,  
 And women great with child,  
 And mothers soliling over babes  
 That clung to them and smiled,  
 And sick men borne in litters  
 High on the necks of slaves,  
 And troops of sun-burned husbandmen  
 With reaping-hooks and staves,

## xv

And droves of mules and asses  
 Laden with skins of wine,  
 And endless flocks of goats and sheep,  
 And endless herds of kine,  
 And endless trains of waggons  
 That creaked beneath the weight  
 Of corn-sacks and of household goods,  
 Choked every roaring gate.

## xvi

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,  
 Could the wan burghers spy  
 The line of blazing villages  
 Red in the midnight sky.  
 The Fathers of the City,  
 They sat all night and day,  
 For every hour some horseman came  
 With tidings of dismay.

## xvii

To eastward and to westward  
 Have spread the Tuscan bands;  
 Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecote  
 In Crustumerium stands.  
 Verhenna down to Ostia  
 Hath wasted all the plain;  
 Astur hath stormed Janiculum,  
 And the stout guards are slain.

## xviii

I wis, in all the Senate,  
 There was no heart so bold,  
 But sore it ached, and fast it beat,  
 When that ill news was told.  
 Forthwith up rose the Consul,  
 Up rose the Fathers all;  
 In haste they girded up their gowns,  
 And hied them to the wall.

## xix

They held a council standing  
 Before the River Gate;  
 Short time was there, ye well may guess,  
 For musing or debate.  
 Out spake the Consul roundly:  
 "The bridge must straight go down;  
 For, since Janiculum is lost,  
 Nought else can save the town".

## xx

Just then a scout came flying,  
 All wild with haste and fear ;  
 "To arms! to arms! Sir Consul ;  
 Lars Porcena is here"  
 On the low hills to westward  
 The Consul fixed his eye,  
 And saw the warthy storm of dust  
 Rise fast along the sky.

## xxi

And nearer fast and nearer  
 Dath the red whirlwind come ;  
 And louder still and still more loud,  
 From underneath that rolling cloud,  
 Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,  
 The trampling, and the hum.  
 And plainly and more plainly  
 Now through the gloom appears,  
 Far to left and far to right,  
 In broken gleams of dark-blue light,  
 The long array of helmets bright,  
 The long array of spears.

## xxii

And plainly and more plainly,  
 Above that glimmering line,  
 Now might ye see the banners  
 Of twelve fair cities shine ;  
 But the banner of proud Clusium  
 Was highest of them all,  
 The terror of the Umbrian,  
 The terror of the Gaul.

## xxiii

And plainly and more plainly  
 Now might the burghers know,  
 By port and vest, by horse and crest,  
 Each warlike Lucumo.

There Cilnius of Arretium  
 On his fleet roan was seen :  
 And Astur of the four-fold shield,  
 Girt with the brand none else may wield,  
 Tolumnius with the belt of gold,  
 And dark Verbeenna from the hold  
 By reedy Thrasymer.

## xxiv

Fast by the royal standard,  
 O'erlooking all the war,  
 Lars Porsena of Clusium  
 Sat in his ivory car.  
 By the right wheel rode Mamilius  
 Prince of the Latin name ;  
 And by the left false Sextus,  
 That wrought the deed of shame.

## xxv

But when the face of Sextus  
 Was seen among the foes,  
 A yell that rent the firmament  
 From all the town arose.  
 On the house-tops was no woman  
 But spat towards him and hissed,  
 No child but screamed out curses,  
 And shook its little fist.

## xxvi

But the Consul's brow was sad,  
 And the Consul's speech was low,  
 And darkly looked he at the wall,  
 And darkly at the foe.  
 " Their van will be upon us  
 Before the bridge goes down ;  
 And if they once may win the bridge,  
 What hope to save the town ? "

## xxvii

Then out spake brave Horatius,  
The Captain of the Gate:  
"To every man upon this earth  
Death cometh soon or late.  
And how can man die better  
Than facing fearful odds,  
For the ashes of his fathers,  
And the temples of his Gods,

## xxviii

"And for the tender mother  
Who dandled him to rest,  
And for the wife who nurses  
His baby at her breast,  
And for the holy matrons  
Who feed the eternal flame,  
To save them from false Sextus  
That wrought the deed of shame?

## xxix

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,  
With all the speed ye may;  
I, with two more to help me,  
Will hold the foe in play.  
In yon strait path a thousand  
May well be stopped by three.  
Now who will stand on either hand,  
And keep the bridge with me?"

## xxx

Then out spake Spurius Lartius:  
A Ramnian proud was he:  
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,  
And keep the bridge with thee".  
And out spake strong Herminius;  
Of Titian blood was he:  
"I will abide on thy left side,  
And keep the bridge with thee".

## xxxi

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,  
"As thou sayest, so let it be."  
And straight against that great array  
Forth went the dauntless Three.  
For Romans in Rome's quarrel  
Spared neither land nor gold,  
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,  
In the brave days of old.

## xxxii

Then none was for a party;  
Then all were for the state;  
Then the great man helped the poor,  
And the poor man loved the great:  
Then lands were fairly portioned;  
Then spoils were fairly sold:  
The Romans were like brothers  
In the brave days of old.

## xxxiii

Now Roman is to Roman  
More hateful than a foe,  
And the Tribunes beard the high.  
And the Fathers grind the low.  
As we wax hot in faction,  
In battle we wax cold:  
Wherefore men fight not as they fought  
In the brave days of old.

## xxxiv

Now while the Three were tightening  
Their harness on their backs,  
The Consul was the foremost man  
To take in hand an axe:  
And Fathers mixed with Commons  
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,  
And smote upon the planks above,  
And loosed the props below.

## xxxv

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,  
Right glorious to behold,  
Came flashing back the noonday light,  
Rank behind rank, like surges bright  
Of a broad sea of gold.  
Four hundred trumpets sounded  
A peal of warlike glee,  
As that great host, with measured tread,  
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,  
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,  
Where stood the dauntless Three.

## xxxvi

The Three stood calm and silent,  
And looked upon the foes,  
And a great shout of laughter  
From all the vanguard rose :  
And forth three chiefs came spurring  
Before that deep array ;  
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,  
And lifted high their shields, and flew  
To win the narrow way ;

## xxxvii

Aunus from green Tifernum,  
Lord of the Hill of Vines ;  
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves  
Sicken in Ilva's mines ;  
And Picus, long to Clusium  
Vassal in peace and war,  
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers  
From that grey crag where, girt with towers,  
The fortress of Nequinum lowers  
O'er the pale waves of Nar.

## xxxviii

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus  
Into the stream beneath :  
Herminius struck at Seius,  
And clove him to the teeth ;



At Picus brave Horatius  
 Darted one fiery thrust ;  
 And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms  
 Clashed in the bloody dust.

## xxxix

Then Ocnus of Falerii  
 Rushed on the Roman Three ;  
 And Lausulus of Urgo  
 The rover of the sea ;  
 And Aruns of Volsinium,  
 Who slew the great wild boar,  
 The great wild boar that had his den  
 Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,  
 And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,  
 Along Albinia's shore.

## xl

Herminius smote down Aruns :  
 Lartius laid Ocnus low :  
 Right to the heart of Lausulus  
 Horatius sent a blow.  
 "Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate !  
 No more, aghast and pale,  
 From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark  
 The track of thy destroying bark.  
 No more Campania's hinds shall fly  
 To woods and caverns when they spy  
 Thy thrice accursed sail."

## xli

But now no sound of laughter  
 Was heard among the foes,  
 A wild and wrathful clamour  
 From all the vanguard rose.  
 Six spears' lengths from the entrance  
 Halted that deep array,  
 And for a space no man came forth  
 To win the narrow way.

## xlii

But hark ! the cry is Astur :  
And lo ! the ranks divide ;  
And the great Lord of Luna  
Comes with his stately stride.  
Upon his ample shoulders  
Clangs loud the four-fold shield,  
And in his hand he shakes the brand  
Which none but he can wield.

## xliii

He smiled on those bold Romans  
A smile serene and high ;  
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,  
And scorn was in his eye.  
Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter  
Stand savagely at bay :  
But will ye dare to follow,  
If Astur clears the way ?"

## xliv

Then, whirling up his broadsword  
With both hands to the height,  
He rushed against Horatius,  
And smote with all his might.  
With shield and blade Horatius  
Right deftly turned the blow.  
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh ;  
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh :  
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry  
To see the red blood flow.

## xlv

He reeled, and on Herminius  
He leaned one breathing-space ;  
Then, like a wild cat mad with wounds,  
Sprang right at Astur's face ;  
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet  
So fierce a thrust he sped,  
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out  
Behind the Tuscan's head.

## xlvi

And the great Lord of Luna  
Fell at that deadly stroke,  
As falls on Mount Alvernus  
A thunder-smitten oak.  
Far o'er the crashing forest  
The giant arms lie spread ;  
And the pale augurs, muttering low,  
Gaze on the blasted head.

## xlvii

On Astur's throat Horatius  
Right firmly pressed his heel,  
And thrice and four times tugged amain,  
Ere he wrenched out the steel.  
"And see," he cried, "the welcome,  
Fair guests, that waits you here !  
What noble Lucumo comes next  
To taste our Roman cheer ?"

## xlviii

But at his haughty challenge  
A sullen murmur ran,  
Mingled of wrath, and shame, and dread,  
Along that glittering van.  
There lacked not men of prowess,  
Nor men of lordly race ;  
For all Etruria's noblest  
Were round the fatal place.

## xlix

But all Etruria's noblest  
Felt their hearts sink to see  
On the earth the bloody corpses,  
In the path the dauntless Three :  
And, from the ghastly entrance  
Where those bold Romans stood,  
All shrank, like boys who unaware,  
Ranging the woods to start a hare,  
Come to the mouth of the dark lair  
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear  
Lies amidst bones and blood.

## I

Was none who would be foremost  
To lead such dire attack :  
But those behind cried "Forward !"  
And those before cried "Back !"  
And backward now and forward  
Wavers the deep array ;  
And on the tossing sea of steel,  
To and fro the standards reel ;  
And the victorious trumpet-peal  
Dies fitfully away.

## II

Yet one man for one moment  
Strode out before the crowd ;  
Well known was he to all the Three,  
And they gave him greeting loud.  
"Now welcome, welcome, Sextus !  
Now welcome to thy home !  
Why dost thou stay, and turn away ?  
Here lies the road to Rome."

## III

Thrice looked he at the city ;  
Thrice looked he at the dead ;  
And thrice came on in fury,  
And thrice turned back in dread :  
And, white with fear and hatred,  
Scowled at the narrow way,  
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,  
The bravest Tuscans lay.

## III

But meanwhile axe and lever  
Have manfully been plied ;  
And now the bridge hangs tottering  
Above the boiling tide.  
"Come back, come back, Horatius !"  
Loud cried the Fathers all.  
"Back, Lartius ! back, Herminius !  
Back, ere the ruin fall !"

## liv

Back darted Spurius Lartius ;  
Herminius darted back :  
And, as they passed, beneath their feet  
They felt the timbers crack.  
But when they turned their faces,  
And on the farther shore  
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,  
They would have crossed once more.

## lv

But with a crash like thunder  
Fell every loosened beam,  
And like a dam, the mighty wreck  
Lay right athwart the stream :  
And a long shout of triumph  
Rose from the walls of Rome,  
As to the highest turret-tops  
Was splashed the yellow foam.

## lvi

And, like a horse unbroken  
When first he feels the rein,  
The furious river struggled hard,  
And tossed his tawny mane,  
And burst the curb, and bounded,  
Rejoicing to be free,  
And, whirling down, in fierce career,  
Battlement, and plank, and pier,  
Rushed headlong to the sea.

## lvii

Alone stood brave Horatius,  
But constant still in mind ;  
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,  
And the broad flood behind.  
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,  
With a smile on his pale face.  
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,  
"Now yield thee to our grace."

## lviii

Round turned he, as not deigning  
Those craven ranks to see ;  
Nought spake he to Lars Porsenna,  
To Sextus nought spake he ;  
But he saw on Palatinus  
The white porch of his home ;  
And he spake to the noble river  
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

## lix

" Oh, Tiber ! father Tiber !  
To whom the Romans pray,  
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,  
Take thou in charge this day ! "  
So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed  
The good sword by his side,  
And, with his harness on his back,  
Plunged headlong in the tide.

## lx

No sound of joy or sorrow  
Was heard from either bank ;  
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,  
With parted lips and straining eyes,  
Stood gazing where he sank ;  
And, when above the surges  
They saw his crest appear,  
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,  
And even the ranks of Tuscany  
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

## lxi

But swiftly ran the current,  
Swollen high by months of rain :  
And fast his blood was flowing ;  
And he was sore in pain,  
And heavy with his armour,  
And spent with changing blows :  
And oft they thought him sinking,  
But still again he rose.

## lxii

Never, I ween, did swimmer,  
In such an evil case,  
Struggle through such a raging flood  
Safe to the landing place :  
But his limbs were borne up bravely  
By the brave heart within,  
And our good father Tiber  
Bare bravely up his chin.

## lxiii

"Curse on him !" quoth false Sextus ;  
"Will not the villain drown ?  
But for this stay, ere close of day  
We should have sacked the town !"  
"Heaven help him !" quoth Lars Porsena,  
"And bring him safe to shore,  
For such a gallant feat of arms  
Was never seen before."

## lxiv

And now he feels the bottom ;  
Now on dry earth he stands ;  
Now round him throng the Fathers  
To press his gory hands ;  
And now, with shouts and clapping,  
And noise of weeping loud,  
He enters through the River-Gate,  
Borne by the joyous crowd.

## lxv

They gave him of the corn-land,  
That was of public right,  
As much as two strong oxen  
Could plough from morn till night ;  
And they made a molten image,  
And set it up on high,  
And there it stands unto this day  
To witness if I lie.

## lxvi

It stands in the Comitium,  
Plain for all folk to see ;  
Horatius in his harness,  
Halting upon one knee :  
And underneath is written,  
In letters all of gold,  
How valiantly he kept the bridge  
In the brave days of old.

## lxvii

And still his name sounds stirring  
Unto the men of Rome,  
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them  
To charge the Volseian home ;  
And wives still pray to Juno  
For boys with hearts as bold  
As his who kept the bridge so well  
In the brave days of old.

## lxviii

And in the nights of winter,  
When the cold north winds blow,  
And the long howling of the wolves  
Is heard amidst the snow ;  
When round the lonely cottage  
Roars loud the tempest's din,  
And the good logs of Algidus  
Roar louder yet within ;

## lxix

When the oldest cask is opened,  
And the largest lamp is lit ;  
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,  
And the kid turns on the spit ;  
When young and old in circle  
Around the firebrands close ;  
When the girls are weaving baskets,  
And the lads are shaping bows ;



Other Romans shall arise,  
Heedless of a soldier's name ;  
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,  
Harmony the path to fame.

Then the progeny that springs  
From the forests of our land,  
Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,  
Shall a wider world command.

Regions Cæsar never knew  
Thy posterity shall sway ;  
Where his eagles never flew,  
None invincible as they.

Such the bard's prophetic words,  
Pregnant with celestial fire,  
Bending as he swept the chords  
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,  
Felt them in her bosom glow ;  
Rush'd to battle, fought, and died,  
Dying, hurl'd them at the foe.

" Ruffians, pitiless as proud,  
Heaven awards the vengeance due ;  
Empire is on us bestow'd,  
Shame and ruin wait for you ! "

*William Cowper, " Poetical Works ".*

VIII

SOHRAB AND RUSTUM

(*Extract*)

He spoke, and Sohrab kindled at his taunts,  
And he too drew his sword ; at once they rush'd  
Together, as two eagles on one prey  
Come rushing down together from the clouds,  
One from the east, one from the west ; their shields  
Dash'd with a clang together, and a din

Rose, such as that the sinewy wood-cutters  
 Make often in the forest's heart at morn,  
 Of hewing axes, crashing trees—such blows  
 Rustum and Solirab on each other hail'd.  
 And you would say that sun and stars took part  
 In that unnatural conflict; for a cloud  
 Grew suddenly in Heaven, and dark'd the sun  
 Over the fighters' heads; and a wind rose  
 Under their feet, and moaning swept the plain,  
 And in a sandy whirlwind wrapp'd the pair.  
 In gloom they twain were wrapp'd, and they alone;  
 For both the on-looking hosts on either hand  
 Stood in broad daylight, and the sky was pure,  
 And the sun sparkled on the Oxus stream.  
 But in the gloom they fought, with bloodshot eyes  
 And labouring breath; first Rustum struck the shield  
 Which Solirab held stiff out; the steel-spiked spear  
 Rent the tough plates, but fail'd to reach the skin,  
 And Rustum pluck'd it back with angry groin.  
 Then Solirab with his sword smote Rustum's helm,  
 Nor clove its steel quite through; but all the crest  
 He shore away, and that proud horsehair plume,  
 Never till now defiled, sank to the dust;  
 And Rustum bow'd his head; but then the gloom  
 Grew blacker, thunder rumbled in the air,  
 And lightnings rent the cloud; and Ruksh, the horse,  
 Who stood at hand, utter'd a dreadful cry;—  
 No horse's cry was that, most like the roar  
 Of some pain'd desert lion, who all day  
 Hath trail'd the hunter's javelin in his side,  
 And comes at night to die upon the sand.  
 The two hosts heard that cry, and quaked for fear,  
 And Oxus curdled as it cross'd his stream.  
 But Solirab heard, and quail'd not, but rush'd on,  
 And struck again; and again Rustum bow'd  
 His head; but this time, all the blade, like glass,  
 Sprang in a thousand shivers on the-helm,  
 And in his hand the hilt remain'd alone.  
 Then Rustum raised his head; his dreadful eyes  
 Glared, and he shook on high his menacing spear,  
 And shouted: *Rustum!*—Solirab heard that shout,

And shrank amazed ; back he recoil'd one step,  
And scann'd with blinking eyes the advancing form :  
And then he stood bewilder'd ; and he dropp'd  
His covering shield, and the spear pierced his side.  
He reel'd, and, staggering back, sank to the ground.  
And then the gloom dispersed, and the wind fell,  
And the bright sun shone forth, and melted all  
The cloud ; and the two armies saw the pair—  
Saw Rustum standing, safe upon his feet,  
And Sohrab, wounded, on the bloody sand.

*Matthew Arnold, "Poetical Works".*

## II

### POEMS OF THE ARTHURIAN ROMANCE

*Flos Regum Artlurus.*

*Joseph of Exeter.*

*When Arthur first in court began  
And was approved King,  
By force of arms great victorys wanne,  
And conquest home did bring.*

*Sir Lancelot du Lake.*

*That gray King, whose name, a ghost,  
Streams like a cloud, man-shaped, from mountain peak,  
And cleaves to cairn and cromlech still.*

*Lord Tennyson, "To the Queen" (Dedication of completed  
"Idylls of the King").*

*. . . Arthur, my dear Lord, the greatest King  
That ever lived.*

*William Morris, "King Arthur's Tomb".*

## IX

### SIR LAUNCELOT AND QUEEN GUINEVERE

#### A FRAGMENT

(ABOUT THE MIDDLE OF THE SIXTH CENTURY)

*Like souls that balance joy and pain,  
With tears and smiles from heaven again  
The maiden Spring upon the plain  
Came in a sun-lit fall of rain.*

In crystal vapour everywhere  
Blue isles of heaven laugh'd between,  
And far, in forest-deeps unseen,  
The topmost clmtree gather'd green  
From draughts of balmy air.

Sometimes the linnet piped his song :  
Sometimes the throstle whistled strong :  
Sometimes the sparrowhawk, wheel'd along,  
Hush'd all the groves from fear of wrong :

By grassy capes with fuller sound  
In curves the yellowing river ran,  
And drooping chestnut-buds began  
To spread into the perfect fan,  
Above the teeming ground.

Then, in the boyhood of the year,  
Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere  
Rode thro' the coverts of the deer,  
With blissful treble ringing clear.

She seem'd a part of joyous Spring :  
A gown of grass-green silk she wore,  
Buckled with golden clasps before ;  
A light-green tuft of plumes she bore  
Closed in a golden ring.

Now on some twisted ivy-net,  
Now by some tinkling rivulet,  
In mosses mixt with violet  
Her cream-white mule his pastern set :

And fleetier now she skimm'd the plains  
Than she whose elfin prancer springs  
By night to eery warblings,  
When all the glimmering moorland rings  
With jingling bridle-reins.

As she fled fast thro' sun and shade,  
The happy winds upon her play'd,  
Blowing the ringlet from the braid :  
She look'd so lovely, as she sway'd  
The rein with dainty finger-tips,

A man had given all other bliss,  
 And all his worldly worth for this,  
 To waste his whole heart in one kiss  
     Upon her perfect lips.

*Lord Tennyson, "Poetical Works".*

## X

## SIR GALAHAD

(ABOUT THE MIDDLE OF THE SIXTH CENTURY)

My good blade carves the casques of men,  
 My tough lance thrusteth sure,  
 My strength is as the strength of ten  
     Because my heart is pure.  
 The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,  
 The hard brands shiver on the steel,  
 The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,  
     The horse and rider reel :  
 They reel, they roll in clanging lists,  
 And when the tide of combat stands,  
 Perfume and flowers fall in showers,  
     That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend  
     On whom their favours fall !  
 For them I battle till the end,  
     To save from shame and thrall :  
 But all my heart is drawn above,  
     My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine :  
 I never felt the kiss of love,  
     Nor maiden's hand in mine.  
 More bounteous aspects on me beam,  
     Me mightier transports move and thrill ;  
 So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer  
     A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,  
 A light before me swims,  
 Between dark stems the forest glows,  
     I hear a noise of hymns :

Then by some secret shrine I ride ;  
I hear a voice, but none are there ;  
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,  
The tapers burning fair.  
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,  
The silver vessels sparkle clean,  
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,  
And solemn chaunts resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres  
I find a magic bark ;  
I leap on board : no helmsman steers :  
I float till all is dark.  
A gentle sound, an awful light !  
Three angels bear the holy Grail :  
With folded feet, in stoles of white,  
On sleeping wings they sail.  
Ah, blessed vision ! blood of God !  
My spirit beats her mortal bars,  
As down dark tides the glory slides,  
And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne  
Thro' dreaming towns I go,  
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,  
The streets are dumb with snow.  
The tempest crackles on the leads,  
And, ringing, spins from brand and mail ;  
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,  
And gilds the driving hail.  
I leave the plain, I climb the height ;  
No branchy thicket shelter yields ;  
But blessed forms in whistling storms  
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight—to me is given  
Such hope, I know not fear ;  
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven  
That often meet me here.  
I muse on joy that will not cease,  
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,

Pure lilies of eternal peace,  
 Whose odours haunt my dreams;  
 And, stricken by an angel's hand,  
 This mortal armour that I wear,  
 This weight and size, this heart and eyes,  
 Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,  
 And thro' the mountain-walls  
 A rolling organ-harmony  
 Swells up, and shakes and falls.  
 Then move the trees, the copses nod,  
 Wings flutter, voices hover clear:  
 "O just and faithful knight of God!  
 Ride on! the prize is near."  
 So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;  
 By bridge and ford, by park and pale,  
 All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,  
 Until I find the holy Grail.

*Lord Tennyson, "Poetical Works".*

XI

MORTE D'ARTHUR

(ABOUT THE END OF THE SIXTH CENTURY)

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd  
 Among the mountains by the winter sea;  
 Until King Arthur's table, man by man,  
 Had fall'n in Lyonesse about their Lord,  
 King Arthur: then, because his wound was deep,  
 The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,  
 Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,  
 And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,  
 A broken chancel with a broken cross,  
 That stood on a dark strait of barren land.  
 On one side lay the Ocean, and on one  
 Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:  
 "The sequel of to-day unsolders all  
 The goodliest fellowship of famous knights



Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep  
They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we  
Shall never more, at any future time,  
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,  
Walking about the gardens and the halls  
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.  
I perish by this people which I made,—  
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again  
To rule once more—but let what will be, be,  
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm  
That without help I cannot last till morn.  
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,  
Which was my pride : for thou rememberest how  
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm  
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,  
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
Holding the sword—and how I row'd across  
And took it, and have worn it, like a king :  
And, wheresoever I am sung or told  
In aftertime, this also shall be known :  
But now delay not : take Excalibur,  
And fling him far into the middle mere :  
Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word."

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere :  
"It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,  
Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm.  
A little thing may harm a wounded man.  
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,  
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept  
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,  
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,  
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang  
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down  
By zig-zag paths, and juts of pointed rock,  
Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,  
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,  
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth  
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt :  
For all the haft twinkled with diamond studs,

Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work  
Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long  
That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood,  
This way and that dividing the swift mind,  
In act to throw : but at the last it seem'd  
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd  
There in the many-knotted waterflags,  
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.  
So strode he back slow to the wounded king.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :  
"Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave?  
What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :  
"I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,  
And the wild water lapping on the crag."

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale :  
"Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,  
Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd  
Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight :  
For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,  
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.  
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.  
Yet now, *I charge thee, quickly go again*  
As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing  
I bad thee, watch, and lightly bring me word."

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time  
Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,  
Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought ;  
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,  
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote  
His palms together, and he cried aloud.

"And if indeed I cast the brand away,  
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,  
Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,  
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.  
What good should follow this, if this were done?  
What harm, undone? deep harm to disobey,  
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.  
Were it well to obey then, if a king demand  
An act unprofitable, against himself?  
The King is sick, and knows not what he does.

What record, or what relic of my lord  
Should be to aftertime, but empty breath  
And rumours of a doubt? but were this kept,  
Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,  
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,  
Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,  
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.  
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps  
Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'  
So might some old man speak in the aftertime  
To all the people, winning reverence.  
But now much honour and much fame were lost."

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,  
And hid Excalibur the second time,  
And so strode back slow to the wounded King.

Then spokè King Arthur, breathing heavily :  
"What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :

"I heard the water lapping on the crag,  
And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath :

"Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,  
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!

Authority forgets a dying king,  
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye

That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,

For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,

In whom should meet the offices of all,

Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;

Either from lust of gold, or like a girl

Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.

Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,

And the third time may prosper, get thee hence:

But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,

I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,

And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged

Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword,

And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand

Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,

And, flashing round and round, and, whirl'd in an arch,

Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,  
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock  
By night, with noises of the northern sea.  
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur :  
But, ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm  
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him  
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.  
And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath  
"Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.  
Speak out : what is it thou hast heard, or seen ?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :  
"Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems  
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,  
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,  
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,  
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.  
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him ;  
But, when I look'd again, behold an arm,  
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him  
Three times, and drew him under in the mere."

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard :  
"My end draws nigh ; 'tis time that I were gone.  
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,  
And bear me to the margin ; yet I fear  
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,  
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,  
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes  
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere  
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,  
And would have spoken, but he found not words,  
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,  
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,  
And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,  
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed  
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,  
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick, quic

I fear it is too late, and I shall die."

But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,  
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,  
Larger than human on the frozen hills.

He heard the deep behind him, and a cry  
Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.

Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves  
And barren chasms, and all to left and right  
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based  
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang  
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels—  
And on a sudden, lo ! the level lake,  
And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,  
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,  
Beneath them ; and descending they were ware  
That all the decks were dense with stately forms,  
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these  
Threë Queens with crowns of gold—and from them rose  
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,  
And, as it were one voice, an agony  
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills  
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,  
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the barge,"  
And to the barge they came. There those three Queens  
Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.  
But she, that rose the tallest of them all  
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,  
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,  
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,  
And dropping bitter tears against his brow  
Striped with dark blood : for all his face was white  
And colourless, and like the wither'd moon  
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east ;  
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops  
Of onset ; and the light and lustrous curls—  
That made his forehead like a rising sun  
High from the dais-throne—were parch'd with dust ;  
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,  
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.

So like a shatter'd column lay the King;  
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,  
From spur to plume a star of tournament,  
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged  
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,  
"Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?  
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?  
For now I see the true old times are dead,  
When every morning brought a noble chance,  
And every chance brought out a noble knight.  
Such times have been not since the light that led  
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.  
But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved  
Which was an image of the mighty world;  
And I, the last, go forth companionless,  
And the days darken round me, and the years,  
Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge:  
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,  
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.  
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?  
I have lived my life, and that which I have done  
May He within Himself make pure! but thou,  
If thou shouldst never see my face again,  
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer  
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice  
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.  
For what are men better than sheep or goats  
That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer  
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?  
For so the whole round earth is every way  
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.  
But now farewell. I am going a long way  
With these thou seest—if indeed I go—  
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)  
To the island-valley of Avilion;  
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,  
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies

Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns  
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,  
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail  
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan  
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,  
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood  
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere  
Revolving many memories, till the hull  
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,  
And on the mere the wailing died away.

*Lord Tennyson, "Poetical Works".*

And by the torch's blaze  
 The stately priest had said  
 High words of power and praise  
 To the glory of the dead.

They lowered him, with the sound  
 Of requiems to repose,  
 When from the throngs around  
 A solemn voice arose :

"Forbear, forbear !" it cried,  
 "In the holiest name forbear !  
 He hath conquered regions wide,  
 But he shall not slumber *there*.

"By the violated hearth  
 Which made way for yon proud shrine,  
 By the harvests which this earth  
 Hath borne to me and mine ;

"By the home even here o'erthrown,  
 On my children's native spot,—  
 Hence ! with his dark renown  
 Cumber our birthplace not !

"Will my sire's unransomed field  
 O'er which your censers wave,  
 To the buried spoiler yield  
 Soft slumber in the grave ?

"The tree before him fell  
 Which we cherished many a year,  
 But its deep root yet shall swell  
 And heave against his bier.

"The land that I have tilled  
 Hath yet its brooding breast  
 With my home's white ashes filled—  
 And it shall not give him rest.

"Here each proud column's bed  
 Hath been wet by weeping eyes,—  
 Hence ! and bestow your dead  
 Where no wrong against him cries !"



## HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN

Shame glowed on each dark face  
 Of those proud and steel-girt men,  
 And they bought with gold a place  
 For their leader's dust e'en then.

A little earth for him  
 Whose banner flew so far!  
 And a peasant's tale could dim  
 The name, a nation's star!

One deep voice thus arose  
 From a heart which wrongs had riven,  
 Oh! who shall number those  
 That were but heard in Heaven?  
*Felicia Dorothea Hemans, "Poetical Works".*

## XIII

## HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN

(*From "Lays of Many Lands"*)

The bark that held a prince went down,  
 The sweeping waves rolled on;  
 And what was England's glorious crown  
 To him that wept a son?  
 He lived—for life may long be borne  
 Ere sorrow break its chain;—  
 Why comes not death to those who mourn?—  
 He never smiled again!

There stood proud forms around his throne,  
 The stately and the brave,  
 But which could fill the place of one,  
 That one beneath the wave?  
 Before him passed the young and fair,  
 In pleasure's reckless train,  
 But seas dashed o'er his son's bright hair—  
 He never smiled again!

He sat where festal bowls went round;  
 He heard the minstrel sing;  
 He saw the Tourney's victor crowned  
 Amidst the knightly ring:

A murmur of the restless deep  
Was blent with every strain,  
A voice of winds that would not sleep—  
He never smiled again!

Hearts, in that time, closed o'er the trace  
Of vows once fondly poured,  
And strangers took the kinsman's place  
At many a joyous board;  
Graves, which true love had bathed with tears,  
Were left to Heaven's bright rain,  
Fresh hopes were born for other years—  
He never smiled again!

*Felicia Dorothea Hemans, "Poetical Works".*

## XIV

## THE NORMAN BARON

(*From "The Belfry of Bruges"*)

(ABOUT 1150)

In his chamber, weak and dying,  
Was the Norman baron lying;  
Loud, without, the tempest thundered,  
And the castle-turret shook.

In this fight was Death the gainer,  
Spite of vassal and retainer,  
And the lands his sires had plundered,  
Written in the Doomsday Book.

By his bed a monk was seated,  
Who in humble voice repeated  
Many a prayer and pater-noster,  
From the missal on his knee;

And, amid the tempest pealing,  
Sound of bells came faintly stealing,  
Bells that from the neighbouring kloster,  
Rang for the Nativity.

In the hall, the serf and vassal  
Held, that night, their Christmas wassail;  
Many a carol, old and saintly,  
Sang the minstrels and the waits.

And so loud these Saxon gleemen  
Sang to slaves the songs of freemen,  
That the storm was heard but faintly,  
Knocking at the castle-gates.

Till at length the lays they chaunted  
Reached the chamber terror-haunted,  
Where the monk, with accents holy,  
Whispered at the baron's ear.

Tears upon his eyelids glistened,  
As he paused a while and listened,  
And the dying baron slowly  
Turned his weary head to hear.

"Wassail for the kingly stranger  
Born and cradled in a manger!  
King, like David, priest, like Aaron,  
Christ is born to set us free!"

And the lightning showed the sainted  
Figures on the casement painted,  
And exclaimed the shuddering baron,  
"Miserere, Domine!"

In that hour of deep contrition,  
He beheld, with clearer vision,  
Through all outward show and fashion,  
Justice, the Avenger, rise.

All the pomp of earth had vanished,  
Falsehood and deceit were banished,  
Reason spake more loud than passion,  
And the truth wore no disguise.

Every vassal of his banner,  
Every serf born to his manor,  
All those wronged and wretched creatures,  
By his hand were freed again.

And, as on the sacred missal,  
He recorded their dismissal,  
Death relaxed his iron features,  
And the monk replied, "Amen!"

Many centuries have been numbered  
Since in death the baron slumbered  
By the convent's sculptured portal,  
Mingling with the common dust:

But the good deed, through the ages  
Living in historic pages,  
Brighter glows and gleams immortal,  
Unconsumed by moth or rust.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, "Poetical Works".*

## XV

## A BALLAD OF THE CRUSADES

(END OF TWELFTH CENTURY)

'Twas a gallant band of knights who had fronted many  
fights,

And the noble lord Count Robert was the leader of the  
band;

And these valiant soldiers swore by the crosses that they  
wore,

That "no word of peace be spoken whilst the tower be-  
neath may stand".

And the tower still rested sure; firmly built, it might  
endure,

For it recked not of the famine, or of watchings in the  
night;

Wounded, weary, and unfed, aid a phantom, comrades dead,  
Men dragged on a slow existence, lacking all the spurs  
of fight.

Then they whispered 'gainst their oath, but the foremost  
man was loath

To stand forth before Count Robert and to give their  
murmurs speech;

But before the Count they came, standing silent in their  
 shame,  
 And their leader stood bareheaded, gazing sad from  
 each to each.

Then he bended down his head. "There is one man here,"  
 he said,  
 "Who hath done the thing we hated, and to-morrow  
 morn shall die".

Then each knight looked from his place with the question  
 in his face,  
 Like Apostles at the Supper, saying, "Master, is it I"?

But Count Robert spoke aloud, "There is no man midst  
 this crowd  
 Who hath broke his oath save one, and he shall perish  
 in his shame;  
 But he could not watch ye die. Oh, old comrades, it is I;  
 And the Saracen gives quarter save to him who was to  
 blame."

Then they sealed the empty board and thronged closer  
 round their lord.  
 Bearded warriors bronzed and hardened, but no eyelid  
 there was dry,  
 Crying, "We have broken troth, no man here has kept  
 his oath;  
 But we shrink not from our penance: each man here  
 shall surely die".

Then Count Robert raised his hand. "Friends, I may not  
 well withstand.  
 Life is hardly worth the saving if a better thing draw  
 nigh,  
 And the nobler thing is death, where it waits us down be-  
 neath,  
 'Mid the tents along the valley where the heedless  
 Moslems lie."

So they issued forth that night ere the coming of the light,  
 Whilst the blazing tower behind them lit their path with  
 - lurid red,

And they slew and slew and slew, till the rising of the dew,  
Then each war-cry dropped in silence, and each gallant  
spirit fled.

'Twas a valiant band of knights, victors in a hundred fights;  
But what man may move a mountain, or with famine  
strive and stand?

If they faltered they withstood till they purged their oath  
in blood,

And the noble knight Count Robert perished foremost  
of their band.

*John A. Goodchild, "Somnia Medici" (Second Series).*

XVI

BRUCE TO HIS MEN AT BANNOCKBURN

(24 JUNE, 1314)

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled;  
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;  
Welcome to your gory bed,  
Or to victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;  
See the front o' battle lower;  
See approach proud Edward's pow'r—  
Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor-knave?  
Wha can fill a coward's grave?  
Wha sae base as be a slave?  
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law  
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',  
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains,  
By your sons in servile chains,  
We will drain our dearest veins,  
But they shall be free!

## CORONACH

Lay the proud usurpers low !  
 Tyrants fall in every foe !  
 Liberty's in every blow !  
 Let us do, or die !

*Robert Burns, "Poetical Works".*

## XVII

## CORONACH

*(From "The Lady of the Lake," Canto III.)*

He is gone on the mountain,  
 He is lost to the forest,  
 Like a summer-dried fountain,  
 When our need was the sorest.  
 The font reappearing,  
 From the rain-drops shall borrow,  
 But to us comes no cheering,  
 To Duncan no morrow !

The hand of the reaper  
 Takes the ears that are hoary,  
 But the voice of the weeper  
 Wails manhood in glory.  
 The autumn winds rushing  
 Waft the leaves that are searest,  
 But our flower was in flushing,  
 When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,  
 Sage counsel in cumber,  
 Red hand in the foray,  
 How sound is thy'slumber !  
 Like the dew on the mountain,  
 Like the foam on the river,  
 Like the bubble on the fountain,  
 Thou art gone, and for ever !

*Sir Walter Scott, "Poetical Works".*

## IV

### FORAY, FIELD, LOVE, AND TOURNEY

(CHARLEMAGNE TO ELIZABETH)

*If doughty deeds my lady please,  
Right soon I'll mount my steed,  
And strong his arm, and fast his seat  
That bears frae me the meed.*

Graham of Gartmore.

*To love one maiden only, cleave to her,  
And worship her by years of noble deeds.*

Tennyson, "Guinevere".

*Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife !  
To all the sensual world proclaim  
One crowded hour of glorious life  
Is worth an age without a name.*

Sir Walter Scott, Heading to Chap. xxxiv. of "Old Mortality".

## XVIII

### THE MOOR CALAYNOS

(LATTER PART OF EIGHTH CENTURY)

"I had six Moorish nurses, but the seventh was not a Moor,  
The Moors they gave me milk enow, but the Christian gave  
me lore ;  
And she told me ne'er to listen, though sweet the words  
might be,  
Till he that spake had proved his troth, and pledged a  
gallant fee."

"Fair damsel," quoth Calaynos, "if thou wilt go with me,  
Say whut may win thy favour, and thine that gift shall be.  
Fair stands the castle on the rock, the city in the vale,  
And bonny is the red, red gold, and rich the silver pale."



Gallant and gay upon that day was Baldwin's youthful  
cheer,  
But first did ride, by Charles's side, Roland and Olivier.

Now in a ring around the King, not far in the greenwood,  
Awaiting all the huntsman's call, it chanced the nobles  
stood;

"Now list, mine earls, now list!" quoth Charles, "yon  
breeze will come again,  
Some trumpet-note methinks doth float from the bonny  
banks of Seine."

He scarce had heard the trumpet, the word he scarce had  
said,

When among the trees he near him sees a dark and tur-  
baned head;

"Now stand, now stand at my command, bold Moor,"  
quoth Charlemagne,

"That turban green, how dare it be seen among the woods  
of Seine?"

"My turban green must needs be seen among the woods  
of Seine,"

The Moor replied, "since here I ride in quest of Charle-  
magne—

For I serve the Moor Calaynos, and I his defiance bring  
To every lord that sits at the board of Charlemagne your  
King.

"Now lordlings fair, if anywhere in the wood ye've seen  
him riding,

O, tell me plain the path he has ta'en—there is no cause  
for chiding;

For my lord hath blown his trumpet by every gate of Paris—  
Long hours in vain, by the bank of Seine, upon his steed  
he tarries."

When the Emperor had heard the Moor, full red was his  
old cheek,

"Go back, base cur, upon the spur, for I am he you seek.  
Go back, and tell your master to commend him to Mahoun,  
For his soul shall dwell with him in hell, or ere yon sun go  
down.

"Mine arm is weak, my hairs are grey," (thus spake King Charlemagne).

"Would for one hour I had the power of my young days again,

As when I plucked the Saxon from out his mountain den—  
O, soon should cease the vaunting of this proud Saracen!

"Though now mine arm be weakened, though now my hairs be grey,

The hard-won praise of other days cannot be swept away.

If shame there be, my liegemen, that shame on you must lie.

Go forth, go forth, good Ronald; to-night this Moor must die."

Then out and spake rough Roland—" Ofttimes I've thinned the ranks

Of the hot Moor, and when all was o'er, have won me little thanks;

Some carpet knight will take delight to do this doughty feat,

Whom damsels gay shall well repay with their smiles and whispers sweet!"

Then out and spake Sir Baldwin—the youngest peer was he,

The youngest and the comeliest—" Let none go forth but me;

Sir Roland is mine uncle, and he may in safety jeer,

But I will show the youngest may be Sir Roland's peer".

"Nay, go not thou," quoth Charlemagne, "thou art my gallant youth,

And braver none I look upon; but thy cheek it is too smooth;

And the curls upon thy forehead they are too glossy bright;  
Some elder peer must couch his spear against this crafty knight."

But away, away goes Baldwin, no words can stop him now,  
Behind him lies the greenwood, he hath gained the mountain's brow,

He reineth first his charger, within the church-yard green,  
Where, striding slow the elms below, the haughty Moor is  
seen.

Then out and spake Calaynos—"Fair youth, I greet thee  
well;

Thou art a comely stripling, and if thou with me wilt dwell,  
All for the grace of thy sweet face, thou shalt not lack thy  
fec,

Within my lady's chamber a pretty page thou'lt be".

An angry man was Baldwin, when thus he heard him speak,  
"Proud knight," quoth he, "I come with thee a bloody  
spear to break".

Oh, sternly smiled Calaynos, when thus he heard him say—  
Oh, loudly as he mounted his mailed barb did neigh.

One shout, one thrust, and in the dust young Baldwin lies  
full low—

No youthful knight could bear the might of that fierce  
warrior's blow;

Calaynos draws his falchion, and waves it to and fro,  
"Thy name now say, and for mercy pray, or to hell thy  
soul must go".

The helpless youth revealed the truth. Then said the con-  
queror:

"I spare thee for thy tender years, and for thy great valour;  
But thou must rest thee captive here, and serve me on thy  
knee,

For fain I'd tempt some doughtier peer to come and rescue  
thee".

Sir Roland heard that haughty word (he stood behind the  
wall).

His heart, I trow, was heavy enow, when he saw his kins-  
man fall;

But now his heart was burning, and never a word he  
said,

But clasped his buckler on his arm, his helmet on his  
head.

Another sight saw the Moorish knight, when Roland blew  
 his horn,  
 To call him to the combat, in anger and in scorn;  
 All eyed in steel from head to heel, in the strap high he  
 stood,  
 The long spear quivered in his hand, as if adrest for  
 blood.

Then out and spake Calaynos—"Thy name I fain would  
 hear;  
 A coronet on thy helm is set; I guess thou art a Peer".  
 Sir Roland lifted up his horn, and blew another blast,  
 "No words, base Moor," quoth Roland, "this hour shall be  
 thy last".

I wot they met full swiftly, I wot the shock was rude;  
 Down fell the unbeliever, and o'er him Roland stood;  
 Close to his throat the steel he brought, and plucked his  
 beard full sore,  
 "What devil brought thee hither? speak out or die, false  
 Moor!"

"Oh! I serve a noble damsel, a haughty maid of Spain,  
 And in evil day I took my way, that I her grace might  
 gain;  
 For every gift I offered, my lady did disdain,  
 And craved the ears of certain Peers that ride with Charle-  
 magne."

"Then loudly laughed rough Roland—"Full few will be her  
 tears,  
 It was not love her soul did move, when she had thee  
 heard true peers",  
 With that he smote upon his throat, and spurned his crest  
 in twain,  
 "No more," he cries, "this moon will rise above the woods  
 of Seine."

*Spanish Ballad. Tr. by John Giltson Esq. Esch.*

## XIX

## A BALLAD OF RONCESVÁLLES

*(From "The Siege of Valencia")*

(A.D. 778)

"Thou hast not been with a festal throng  
At the pouring of the wine;  
Men bear not from the Hall of Song  
So dark a mien as thine!  
There's blood upon thy shield,  
There's dust upon thy plume,—  
Thou hast brought from some disastrous field  
That brow of wrath and gloom!"

"And is there blood upon my shield?—  
Maiden, it well may be!  
We have sent the streams from our battle-field,  
All darkened to the sea!  
We have given the founts a stain,  
'Midst their woods of ancient pine;  
And the ground is wet—but not with rain,  
Deep dyed—but not with wine.

"The ground is wet—but not with rain—  
We have been in war array,  
And the noblest blood of Christian Spain  
Hath bathed her soil to-day.  
I have seen the strong man die,  
And the stripling meet his fate,  
Where the mountain-winds go sounding by  
In the Roncesvalles' Strait.

"In the gloomy Roncesvalles' Strait  
There are helms and lances cleft;  
And they that moved at morn elate  
On a bed of heath are left:  
There's many a fair young face,  
Which the war-steed hath gone o'er;  
At many a board there is kept a place  
For those that come no more!"

"Alas! for love,—for woman's breast,  
If woe like this must be!  
Hast thou seen a youth with an eagle crest,  
And a white plume waving free?  
With his proud, quick-flashing eye,  
And his mien of knightly state?  
Doth he come from where the swords flashed high,  
In the Roncesvalles' Strait?"

"In the gloomy Roncesvalles' Strait  
I saw and marked him well;  
For nobly on his steed he sate,  
When the pride of manhood fell!—  
But it is not youth which turns  
From the field of spears again;  
For the boy's high heart too wildly burns,  
Till it rests among the slain!"

"Thou canst not say that *he* lies low—  
The lovely and the brave?  
Oh! none can look on his joyous brow,  
And think upon the grave!  
Dark, dark perchance the day  
Hath been with valour's fate;  
But he is on his homeward way  
From the Roncesvalles' Strait."

"There is dust upon his joyous brow,  
And o'er his graceful head;  
And the war horse will not wake him now,  
Though it browse his greensward bed.  
I have seen the stripling die,  
And the strong man meet his fate,  
Where the mountain-winds go sounding by  
In the Roncesvalles' Strait."

*Felicia Dorothea Hemans, "Poetical Works"*

## XX

## SHAMEFUL DEATH

There were four of us about that bed ;  
The mass-priest knelt at the side,  
I and his mother stood at the head,  
Over his feet lay the bride ;  
We were quite sure that he was dead,  
Though his eyes were open wide.

He did not die in the night,  
He did not die in the day,  
But in the morning twilight  
His spirit pass'd away,  
When neither sun nor moon was bright,  
And the trees were merely grey.

He was not slain with the sword,  
Knight's axe, or the knightly spear,  
Yet spoke he never a word  
After he came in here ;  
I cut away the cord  
From the neck of my brother dear.

He did not strike one blow,  
For the recreants came behind,  
In a place where the hornbeams grow,  
A path right hard to find,  
For the hornbeam boughs swing so,  
That the twilight makes it blind.

They lighted a great torch then,  
When his arms were pinion'd fast ;  
Sir John the Knight of the Fen,  
Sir Guy of the Dolorous Blast,  
With knights threescore and ten,  
Hung brave Lord Hugh at last.

I am threescore and ten,  
 And my hair is all turn'd grey,  
 But I met Sir John of the Fen  
 Long ago on a summer day,  
 And am glad to think of the moment when  
 I took his life away.

I am threescore and ten,  
 And my strength is mostly pass'd,  
 But long ago I and my men,  
 When the sky was overcast,  
 And the smoke roll'd over the reeds of the fen,  
 Slew Guy of the Dolorous Blast.

And now, knights all of you,  
 I pray you pray for Sir Hugh,  
 A good knight and a true,  
 And for Alee, his wife, pray too.

*William Morris, "The Defence of Guenevere  
 and other Poems".*

## XXI

## LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

O what can ail thee, Knight-at-arms,  
 Alone and palely loitering?  
 The sedge has wither'd from the lake,  
 And no birds sing.

O what can ail thee, Knight-at-arms,  
 So haggard and so woebegone?  
 The squirrel's granary is full,  
 And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow,  
 With anguish moist and fever dew;  
 And on thy cheeks a fading rose  
 Fast withereth too.



I met a lady in the meads,  
Full beautiful—a faery's child;  
Her hair was long, her foot was light,  
And her eyes were wild.

I made a garland for her head,  
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;  
She look'd at me as she did love,  
And made sweet moan.

I set her on my pacing steed,  
And nothing else saw all day long,  
For sidelong would she bend, and sing  
A faery's song.

She found me roots of relish sweet,  
And honey wild, and manna dew;  
And sure in language strange she said,  
"I love thee true".

She took me to her elfin grot,  
And there she wept and sigh'd full sore,  
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes  
With kisses four.

And there she lulled me asleep,  
And there I dream'd—Ah, woe betide  
The latest dream I ever dream'd  
On the cold hill side.

I saw pale kings and princes too,  
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;  
They cried—"La Belle Dame Sans Merci  
Hath thee in thrall!"

I saw the starved lips in the gloam  
With horrid warning gapèd wide,  
And I awoke and found me here  
On the cold hill side.

And this is why I sojourn here,  
Alone and palely loitering,  
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,  
And no birds sing.

*John Keats, "Poetical Works".*

## KEITH OF RAVELSTON

*(From "A Nuptial Eve" in "England in Time of War")*

The murmur of the mourning ghost  
That keeps the shadowy kine,  
"Oh, Keith of Ravelston,  
The sorrows of thy line!"

Ravelston, Ravelston,  
The merry path that leads  
Down the golden morning hill,  
And thro' the silver meads;

Ravelston, Ravelston,  
The stile beneath the tree,  
The maid that kept her mother's kine,  
The song that sang she!

She sang her song, she kept her kine,  
She sat beneath the thorn  
When Andrew Keith of Ravelston  
Rode thro' the Monday morn.

His henchmen sing, his hawk-bells ring,  
His belted jewels shine!  
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,  
The sorrows of thy line!

Year after year, where Andrew came,  
Comes evening down the glade,  
And still there sits a moonshine ghost  
Where sat the sunshine maid.

Her misty hair is faint and fair,  
She keeps the shadowy kine;  
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,  
The sorrows of thy line!

I lay my hand upon the stile,  
The stile is lone and cold,  
The burnie that goes babbling by  
Says nought that can be told.

Yet, stranger! here, from year to year,  
 She keeps her shadowy kine;  
 Oh, Keith of Ravelston,  
 The sorrows of thy line!

Step out three steps, where Andrew stood—  
 Why blanch thy cheeks for fear?  
 The ancient stile is not alone,  
 'Tis not the burn I hear.

She makes her immemorial moan,  
 She keeps her shadowy kine;  
 Oh, Keith of Ravelston,  
 The sorrows of thy line!

*Sydney Dobell, "Poetical Works," Vol. I.*

## XXIII

## BRANKSOME HALL

(From "*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*," Canto I.)

(MIDDLE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY)

The feast was over in Branksome tower,  
 And the Ladye had gone to her secret bower;  
 Her bower that was guarded by word and by spell,  
 Deadly to hear, and deadly to tell—  
 Jesu Maria, shield us well!  
 No living wight, save the Ladye alone,  
 Had dared to cross the threshold stone.

The tables were drawn, it was idlesse all;  
 Knight, and page, and household squire  
 Loiter'd through the lofty hall,  
 Or crowded round the ample fire.  
 The staghounds, weary with the chase,  
 Lay stretched upon the rushy floor,  
 And urged, in dreams, the forest race,  
 From Teviot-stone to Eskdale-moor.

Nine-and-twenty knights of fame  
Hung their shields in Branksome Hall ;  
Nine-and-twenty squires of name  
Brought them their steeds to bower from stall ;  
Nine-and-twenty yeomen tall  
Waited, duteous, on them all :  
They were all knights of mettle true,  
Kinsmen to the bold Buccleuch.

Ten of them were sheathed in steel,  
With belted sword, and spur on heel :  
They quitted not their harness bright,  
Neither by day, nor yet by night :  
They lay down to rest  
With corslet laced,  
Pillowed on buckler cold and hard ;  
They carved at the meal  
With gloves of steel,  
And they drank the red wine through the helmet barr'd

Ten squires, ten yeomen, mail-clad men,  
Waited the beck of the warders ten ;  
Thirty steeds, both fleet and wight,  
Stood saddled in stable day and night,  
Barbed with frontlet of steel, I trow,  
And with Jedwood-axe at saddle-bow ;  
A hundred more fed free in stall :  
Such was the custom of Branksome Hall.

Why do these steeds stand ready dight ?  
Why watch these warriors, armed, by night ?  
They watch, to hear the bloodhound baying,  
They watch, to hear the war-horn braying ;  
To see St. George's red cross streaming,  
To see the midnight beacon gleaming :  
They watch, against Southern force and guile,  
Lest Scroop, or Howard, or Percy's powers,  
Threaten Branksome's lordly towers,  
From Warkworth, or Naworth, or merry Carlisle.

*Sir Walter Scott, "Poetical Works".*

## XXIV

## THE COMBAT

(From "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," Canto V.)

(MIDDLE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY)

Within the lists, in knightly pride,  
High Home and haughty Dacre ride ;  
Their leading staffs of steel they wield,  
As marshals of the mortal field :  
While to each knight their care assigned  
Like vantage of the sun and wind,  
Then heralds hoarse did loud proclaim,  
In king, and queen, and warden's name,  
That none, while lasts the strife,  
Should dare, by look, or sign, or word,  
Aid to a champion to afford,  
On peril 'of his life ;  
And not a breath the silence broke  
Till thus the alternate Herald spoke :—

*English Herald.*

Here standeth Richard of Musgrave,  
Good knight and true, and freely born,  
Amends from Deloraine to crave,  
For foul despiteous scathe and scorn.  
He sayeth, that William of Deloraine  
Is traitor false by Border laws ;  
This with his sword he will maintain  
So help him God, and his good cause !

*Scottish Herald.*

Here standeth William of Deloraine,  
Good knight and true, of noble strain,  
Who sayeth, that foul treason's stain,  
Since he bore arms, ne'er soiled his coat ;  
And that, so help him God above,  
He will on Musgrave's body prove,  
He lies most foully in his throat.

## THE COMBAT

*Lord Daerc.*

Forward, brave champions, to the fight !  
 Sound trumpets !—

*Lord Home.*

God defend the right !

'Then, Teviot ! how thine echoes rang,  
 When bugle-sound and trumpet-clang  
     Let loose the martial foes,  
 And in mid list, with shield poised high,  
 And measured step and wary eye,  
     The combatants did close.

Ill would it suit your gentle ear,  
 Ye lovely listeners, to hear  
 How to the axe the helms did sound,  
 And blood poured down from many a wound :  
 For desperate was the strife, and long,  
 And either warrior fierce and strong.

But, were each dame a listening knight,  
 I well could tell how warriors fight !  
 For I have seen war's lightning flashing,  
 Seen the claymore with bayonet clashing,  
 Seen through red blood the war-horse dashing  
 And scorned, amid the reeling strife,  
 To yield a step for death or life.

'Tis done, 'tis done ! that fatal blow  
     Has stretched him on the bloody plain ;  
 He strives to rise—Brave Musgrave, no !  
     Thence never shalt thou rise again !  
 He chokes in blood—some friendly hand  
 Undo the visor's barrèd band,  
 Unfix the gorget's iron clasp,  
 And give him room for life to gasp !—  
 O, bootless aid !—haste, holy Friar—  
 Haste, ere the sinner shall expire !  
 Of all his guilt let him be shriven,  
 And smooth his path from earth to heaven !

In haste the holy Friar sped ;—  
 His naked foot was dyed with red .  
 As through the lists he ran ;  
 Unmindful of the shouts on high,  
 That hailed the conqueror's victory,  
 He raised the dying man ;  
 Loose waved his silver beard and hair,  
 As o'er him he kneeled down in prayer ;  
 And still the crucifix on high  
 He holds before his darkening eye ;  
 And still he bends an anxious ear,  
 His faltering penitence to hear ;  
 Still props him from the bloody sod,  
 Still, even when soul and body part,  
 Pours ghostly comfort on his heart,  
 And bids him trust in God !  
 Unheard he prays ;—the death-pang's o'er :—  
 Richard of Musgrave breathes no more.

*Sir Walter Scott, " Poetical Works ".*

## XXV

## MONTROSE'S LOVE-SONG

My dear and only love, I pray  
 That little world of thee  
 Be governed by no other sway  
 But purest monarchy.  
 For if confusion have a part,  
 Which virtuous souls abhor,  
 And hold a synod in thy heart,  
 I'll never love thee more.

Like Alexander, I will reign,  
 And I will reign alone :  
 My thoughts did evermore disdain  
 A rival to my throne.  
 He either fears his fate too much,  
 Or his deserts are small,  
 Who dares not put it to the touch,  
 To gain or lose it all.

## TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON

But if thou wilt prove faithful then  
 And constant of thy word,  
 I'll make thee glorious by my pen,  
 And famous by my sword ;  
 I'll serve thee in such noble ways  
 Was never heard before ;  
 I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,  
 And love thee more and more.

*James Graham, Marquis of Montrose.*

## XXVI

## TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON

When Love with unconfined wings  
 Hovers within my gates,  
 And my divine Althea brings  
 To whisper at the grates ;  
 When I lie tangled in her hair  
 And fetter'd to her eye,  
 The gods that wanton in the air  
 Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round  
 With no allaying Thames,  
 Our careless heads with roses bound,  
 Our hearts with loyal flames ;  
 When thirsty grief in wine we steep,  
 When healths and draughts go free—  
 Fishes that tinkle in the deep  
 Know no such liberty.

When (like committed linnets) I  
 With shriller throat shall sing  
 The sweetness, mercy, majesty,  
 And glories of my king ;  
 When I shall voice aloud how good  
 He is, how great should be,  
 Enlarg'd winds, that curl the flood,  
 Know no such liberty.



Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for a hermitage;  
If I have freedom in my love  
And in my soul am free,  
Angels alone, that soar above,  
Enjoy such liberty.

*Richard Lovelace, "Lucasta: Odes,  
Sonnets, Songs, etc."*.

## XVII

A WEARY LOT IS THINE, FAIR MAID

(From "Rokeby," Canto III.)

"A weary lot is thine, fair maid,  
 A weary lot is thine !  
 To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,  
 And press the rue for wine !  
 A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,  
 A feather of the blue,  
 A doublet of the Lincoln green—  
 No more of me you knew,  
My Love !
 No more of me you knew.

"This morn is merry June, I trow,  
 The rose is budding fain ;  
 But she shall bloom in winter snow,  
 Ere we two meet again."  
 He turn'd his charger as he spake  
 Upon the river shore,  
 He gave the bridle-reins a shake ;  
 Said " Adieu for evermore,  
My Love !
 And adieu for evermore."

Sir Walter Scott, "Poetical Works".

## CRECY

(26 August, 1346)

At Crecy by Somme in Ponthieu  
 High up on a windy hill  
 A mill stands out like a tower ;  
 King Edward stands on the mill.  
 The plain is seething below,  
 As Vesuvius seethes with flame,  
 But O ! not with fire, but gore,  
 Earth incarnadined o'er,  
 Crimson with shame and with fame !—  
 To the King run the messengers, crying,  
 "Thy Son is hard-press'd to the dying !"  
 "Let alone : for to-day will be written in story  
 To the great world's end, and for ever :  
 So let the boy have the glory."

Erin and Gwalia there  
 With England are one against France ;  
 Outfacing the orislamme red  
 The red dragons of Merlin advance ;  
 As a harvest in autumn renew'd  
 The lances bend o'er the fields ;  
 Snow-thick our arrow-heads white  
 Level the foe as they light ;  
 Knighthood to yeomanry yields :  
 Proud heart, the king watches, as higher  
 Goes the blaze of the battle, and nigher :  
 "To-day is a day will be written in story  
 To the great world's end, and for ever !  
 Let the boy alone have the glory."

Harold at Senlac-on-Sea  
 By Norman arrow laid low,  
 When the shield-wall was breach'd by the shaft,  
 Thou art avenged by the bow !

## BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE

69

Chivalry ! name of romance !  
Thou art henceforth but a name ;  
Weapon that none can withstand,  
Yew in the Englishman's hand,  
Flight-shaft unerring in aim !  
As a lightning-struck forest the foemen  
Shiver down to the stroke of the bowmen ;  
" O to-day is a day will be written in story  
To the great world's end, and for ever !  
So, let the boy have the glory."

Pride of Liguria's shore,  
Genoa wrestles in vain ;  
Vainly Bohemia's king  
King-like is laid with the slain.  
The Blood-lake is wiped out in blood,  
The shame of the centuries o'er ;  
Where the pride of the Norman had sway,  
The lions lord over the fray,  
The legions of France are no more :  
The Prince to his father kneels lowly :  
" His is the battle—his wholly !  
For to-day is a day will be written in story  
To the great world's end, and for ever !  
So, let him have the spurs and the glory."  
*Francis Turner Palgrave, "The Visions of England".*

XXIX

## BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE

(*Border Minstrelsy*, vol. i.)

(10 AUGUST, 1388)

It fell about the Lammas tide,  
When the muir-men win their hay,  
The doughty earl of Douglas rode  
Into England, to catch a prey.

He chose the Gordons and the Graemes,  
 With them the Lindesays, light and gay;  
 But the Jardines wald not with him ride,  
 And they rue it to this day.

And he has burn'd the dikes of Tyne,  
 And part of Bambrough shire;  
 And three good towers on Roxburgh fells,  
 He left them all on fire.

And he march'd up to Newcastle,  
 And rode it round about;  
 "O wha's the lord of this castle,  
 Or wha's the lady o't?"

But up spake proud Lord Percy, then,  
 And O but he spake hie!  
 "I am the lord of this castle,  
 My wife's the lady gay!"

"If thou'rt the lord of this castle,  
 Sae weel it pleases me!  
 For, ere I cross the border fells,  
 The tane of us sall die."

He took a lang spear in his hand,  
 Shod with the metal free,  
 And for to meet the Douglas there,  
 He rode right furiouslie.

But O how pale his lady look'd,  
 Frae aff the castle wa',  
 When down before the Scottish spear,  
 She flet, the kild Percy sa'.

"Had wize of me upon the green,  
 And no a d, vowe to see,  
 I wald hae let wad, flesh and fell;  
 But youry'88) sall gae wi' me."

"But gae ye idle, o Otterbourne,  
 And wait til the dayis three;  
 And, if I come not ere three dayis end,  
 A fause knight ca' ye me."

"The Otterbourne's a bonnie burn;  
'Tis pleasant there to be;  
But there is nought at Otterbourne,  
To feed my men and me.

"The deer rins wild on hill and dale,  
The birds fly wild from tree to tree;  
But there is neither bread nor kale,  
To fend my men and me.

"Yet I will stay at Otterbourne,  
Where you sall welcome be;  
And, if ye come not at three dayis end,  
A fause lord I'll ca' thee."

"Thither will I come," proud Percy said,  
"By the might of Our Ladye!"—  
"There will I bide thee," said the Douglas,  
"My trowth I plight to thee."

They lighted high on Otterbourne,  
Upon the bent sae brown;  
They lighted high on Otterbourne,  
And threw their pallions down.

And he that had a bonnie boy,  
Sent out his horse to grass;  
And he that had not a bonnie boy,  
His ain servant he was.

But up then spake a little page,  
Before the peep of dawn—  
"O waken ye, waken ye, my good lord,  
For Percy's hard at hand."

"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liar loud!  
Sae loud I hear ye lie;  
For Percy had not men yestreen,  
To dight my men and me.

"But I hae dream'd a dreary dream,  
Beyond the Isle of Sky;  
I saw a dead man win a fight,  
And I think that man was I."

He belted on his good braid sword,  
And to the field he ran;  
But he forgot the helmet good,  
That should have kept his brain.

When Percy wi' the Douglas met,  
I wat he was fu' fain!  
They swakked their swords, till sair they swat  
And the blood ran down like rain.

But Percy with his good braid sword,  
That could so sharply wound,  
Has wounded Douglas on the brow,  
Till he fell to the ground.

Then he called on his little foot-page,  
And said—"Run speedilie,  
And fetch my ain dear sister's son,  
Sir Hugh Montgomery.

"My nephew good," the Douglas said,  
"What recks the death of ane!  
Last night I dream'd a dreary dream,  
And I ken the day's thy ain.

"My wound is deep; I fain would sleep;  
Take thou the vanguard of the three,  
And hide me by the braken bush,  
That grows on yonder lilye lee.

"O bury me by the braken bush,  
Beneath the blooming brere;  
Let never living mortal ken,  
That ere a kindly Scot lies here."

He lifted up that noble lord,  
Wi' the saut tear in his e'e;  
He hid him in the braken bush,  
That his merrie men might not see.

The moon was clear, the day drew near,  
The spears in flinders flew,  
But mony a gallant Englishman  
Ere day the Scotsmen slew.

The Gordons good, in English blood,  
They steeped their hose and shoon;  
The Lindesays flew like fire about,  
Till all the fray was done.

The Percy and Montgomery met,  
That either of other were fain;  
They swakked swords, and they twa swat,  
And aye the blude ran down between.

"Yield thee, O yield thee, Percy!" he said,  
"Or else I vow I'll lay thee low!"  
"Whom to sall I yield," said Earl Percy,  
"Now that I see it must be so?"

"Thou sall't not yield to lord nor loun,  
Nor yet sall't thou yield to me;  
But yield thee to the braken bush,  
That grows upon yon lilye lee!"

"I will not yield to a braken bush,  
Nor yet will I yield to a brere;  
But I would yield to Earl Douglas,  
Or Sir Hugh [the Montgomery], if he were here."

As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,  
He stuck his sword's point in the ground;  
And the Montgomery was a courteous knight,  
And quickly took him by the hande.

This deed was done at Otterbourne,  
About the breaking of the day;  
Earl Douglas was buried at the braken bush,  
And the Percy led captive away.

Old Ballad.

## THE RED HARLAW

(BATTLE OF HARLAW, 24 JULY, 1411)

Now haud your tongue, baith wife and carle,  
 And listen, great and sma',  
 And I will sing of Glenallan's Earl  
 That fought on the red Harlaw.

The cronach's cried on Bennachie,  
 And down the Don and a',  
 And hieland and lawland may mournfu' be  
 For the sair field of Harlaw.

They saddled a hundred milk-white steeds,  
 They hae bridled a hundred black,  
 With a chafron of steel on each horse's head,  
 And a good knight upon his back.

They hadna ridden a mile, a mile,  
 A mile but barely ten,  
 When Donald came branking down the brae  
 Wi' twenty thousand men.

Their tartans they were waving wide,  
 Their glaives were glancing clear,  
 The pibrochs rung frae side to side,  
 Would deafen ye to hear.

The great Earl in his stirrups stood,  
 That Highland host to see :  
 "Now here a knight that's stout and good  
 May prove a jeopardie :

"What would'st thou do, my squire so gay,  
 That rides beside my rein,  
 Were ye Glenallan's Earl the day,  
 And I were Roland Cheyne?



"To turn the rein were sin and shame,  
 To fight were wondrous peril,—  
 What would ye do now, Roland Cheyne,  
 Were ye Glenallan's Earl?"

"Were I Glenallan's Earl this tide,  
 And ye were Roland Cheyne,  
 The spur should be in my horse's side,  
 And the bridle upon his mane.

"If they hae twenty thousand blades,  
 And we twice ten times ten,  
 Yet they hae but their tartan plaids,  
 And we are mail-clad men.

"My horse shall ride through ranks sae rude,  
 As through the moorland fern,—  
 Then ne'er let the gentle Norman blude  
 Grow cauld for Highland kerne."

*Sir Walter Scott, "The Antiquary".*

### XXXI

## KING HENRY THE FIFTH'S SPEECH BEFORE AGINCOURT

(25 OCTOBER, 1415)

*King Henry.*—This day is called the feast of Crispian :  
 He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,  
 Will stand a-tip-toe when this day is named,  
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian.  
 He that shall live this day and see old age,  
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,  
 And say, To-morrow is Saint Crispian :  
 Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars.  
 And say, These wounds I had on Crispin's day.  
 Old men forget ; yet shall not all forget,

But he'll remember, with advantages,  
 What feats he did that day : Then shall our names,  
 Familiar in his mouth as household words—  
 Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,  
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster—  
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd ;  
 This story shall the good man teach his son ;  
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,  
 From this day to the ending of the world,  
 But we in it shall be remembered :  
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers,  
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me  
 Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile  
 This day shall gentle his condition ;  
 And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,  
 Shall think themselves accursed they were not here ;  
 And hold their manhoods cheap, whiles any speaks  
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

*William Shakespeare, " King Henry V.," Act iv. Scene 3.*

## XXXII

## THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT

(25 OCTOBER, 1415)

Fair stood the wind for France  
 When we our sails advance,  
 Nor now to prove our chance  
     Longer will tarry ;  
 But, putting to the main,  
 At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,  
 With all his martial train,  
     Landed King Harry.

And, taking many a fort,  
 Furnished in warlike sort,  
 March'd towards Agincourt  
     In happy hour ;

Skirmishing day by day  
With those that stop'd his way,  
Where the French gen'ral lay  
    With all his power.

Which, in his height of pride,  
King Henry to deride,  
His ransom to provide  
    To the king sending ;  
Which he neglects the while,  
As from a nation vile,  
Yet with an angry smile,  
    Their fall portending.

And, turning to his men,  
Quoth our brave Henry then,  
Though they to one be ten,  
    Be not amazèd.  
Yet have we well begun,  
Battles so bravely won  
Have ever to the sun  
    By fame been raisèd.

And for myself, quoth he,  
This my full rest shall be,  
England ne'er mourn for me,  
    Nor more esteem me.  
Victor I will remain  
Or on this earth lie slain,  
Never shall she sustain  
    Loss to redeem me.

Poitiers and Cressy tell,  
When most their pride did swell,  
Under our swords they fell,  
    No less our skill is,  
Than when our grandsire great,  
Claiming the regal seat,  
By many a warlike feat  
    Lop'd the French lilies.

Arms were from shoulders sent,  
Scalps to the teeth were rent,  
Down the French peasants went ;  
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,  
His broadsword brandishing,  
Down the French host did ding,  
As to o'erwhelm it ;  
And many a deep wound lent,  
His arms with blood besprent,  
And many a cruel dent  
Bruisèd his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good,  
Next of the royal blood,  
For famous England stood,  
With his brave brother ;  
Clarence, in steel so bright,  
Though but a maiden knight,  
Yet in that furious fight  
Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,  
Oxford the foe invade,  
And cruel slaughter made,  
Still as they ran up ;  
Suffolk his axe did ply,  
Beaumont and Willoughby  
Bare them right doughtily,  
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon St. Crispin's day,  
Fought was this noble fray,  
Which fame did not delay,  
To England to carry ;  
O when shall Englishmen  
With such acts fill a pen,  
Or England breed again  
Such a King Harry ?

*Michael Drayton.*

## PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU

(From "*Lyrical and Miscellaneous Pieces*")

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,  
 Pibroch of Donuil,  
 Wake thy wild voice anew,  
 Summon Clan-Conuil.  
 Come away, come away,  
 Hark to the summons!  
 Come in your war array,  
 Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and  
 From mountain so rocky,  
 The war-pipe and pennon  
 Are at Inverlochy.  
 Come every hill-plaid, and  
 True heart that wears one,  
 Come every steel-blade, and  
 Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,  
 The flock without shelter;  
 Leave the corpse uninterr'd,  
 The bride at the altar;  
 Leave the deer, leave the steer,  
 Leave nets and barges:  
 Come with your fighting gear,  
 Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when  
 Forests are rended;  
 Come as the waves come, when  
 Navies are stranded:  
 Faster come, faster come,  
 Faster and faster,  
 Chief, vassal, page, and groom,  
 Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come ;  
See how they gather !  
Wide waves the eagle plume,  
Blended with heather.  
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,  
Forward each man set !  
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,  
Knell for the onset !

Sir Walter Scott, "Poetical Works".

## XXXIV

## THE FALL OF WOLSEY

(1530)

*Wolsey*.—Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear  
In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me  
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.  
Let's dry our eyes ; and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;  
And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be ;  
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention  
Of me more must be heard of—say, I taught thee ;  
Say—Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,  
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,  
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;  
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.  
Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me.  
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :  
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man then,  
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't ?  
Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee ;  
Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not ;  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
Thy God's, and truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O, Cromwell,  
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the King ;  
And—Prithee, lead me in :

## THE FALL OF WOLSEY

There take an inventory of all I have,  
 To the last penny; 'tis the King's; my robe,  
 And my integrity to heaven, is all  
 I dare now call mine own. O, Cromwell, Cromwell,  
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal  
 I serv'd my King, he would not in mine age  
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

*Cromwell.*—Good sir, have patience.  
*Wolsey.*—

So I have. Farewell,  
 The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

*William Shakespeare, "King Henry VIII." Act iii. Scene 3.*

V

SONGS OF THE ARMADA

(ELIZABETH TO CHARLES I.)

*King Philip had vaunted his claims ;  
He had sworn for a year he would sack us ;  
With an army of heathenish names  
He was coming to fagot and stack us ;  
Like the thieves of the sea he would track us,  
And shatter our ships on the main ;  
But we had bold Neptune to back us,—  
And where are the galleons of Spain ?*

Austin Dobson, "A Ballad to Queen Elizabeth of the Spanish Armada".

XXXV

THE ARMADA

(JULY 1588)

Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise ;  
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient  
days,

When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain  
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,  
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth  
Bay ;

Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's  
isle,

At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile.



At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace;  
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in  
chase.

Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall;  
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe's lofty  
hall;

Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast,  
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a  
post.

With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes;  
Behind him march the halberdiers; before him sound the  
drums;

His yeomen round the market cross make clear an ample  
space;

For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her Grace.  
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the  
bells,

As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.  
Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,  
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.  
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed  
Picard field,

Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Caesar's eagle  
shield.

So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay,  
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely  
hunters lay.

Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight: ho! scatter  
flowers, fair maids:

Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute: ho! gallants, draw your  
blades:

Thou sun, shine on her joyously; ye breezes, waft her wide;  
Our glorious *SEMPER EADEM*, the banner of our pride.

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's  
massy fold;

The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll  
of gold;

Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea,  
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall  
be.

From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford  
Bay,

The time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day ;  
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-flame  
spread,

High on St. Michael's Mount it shone : it shone on Béachy  
Head.

Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern  
shire,

Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points  
of fire.

The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves :  
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless  
caves :

O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery  
herald flew :

He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of  
Beaulieu.

Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from  
Bristol town,

And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton  
down ;

The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,  
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood-  
red light.

Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the deathlike silence  
broke,

And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke.

At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires ;

At once the wild alarm clashed from all her reeling spires ;

From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice  
of fear ;

And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder  
cheer :

And from the furthest wards was heard the rush of hurry-  
ing feet,

And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed down each  
roaring street ;

And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the  
din,

As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in :

And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the warlike  
 errand went,  
 And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of  
 Kent,  
 Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright  
 couriers forth;  
 High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for  
 the north;  
 And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded  
 still:  
 All night from tower to tower they sprang; they sprang  
 from hill to hill:  
 Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rocky  
 dales,  
 Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of  
 Wales,  
 Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely  
 height,  
 Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of  
 light,  
 Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately fane,  
 And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless  
 plain;  
 Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,  
 And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of  
 Trent;  
 Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled  
 pile,  
 And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Car  
 lisle.

*Lord Macaulay, "Lays of Ancient Rome".*

XXXVI

## ELIZABETH AT TILBURY

(SEPTEMBER, 1588)

Let them come, come never so proudly,  
 O'er the green waves as giants ride;  
 Silver clarions menacing loudly,  
 "All the Spains" on their banners wide;

High on deck of the gilded galleys  
 Our light sailers they scorn below :—  
 We will scatter them, plague, and shatter them,  
 Till their flag hauls down to their foe !  
 For our oath we swear  
 By the name we bear,  
 By England's Queen, and England free and fair,—  
 Her's ever and her's still, come life, come death !  
 God save Elizabeth !

Sidonia, Recalde, and Leyva  
 Watch from their bulwarks in swarthy scorn,  
 Lords and Princes by Philip's favour ;—  
 We by birthright are noble born !  
 Freemen born of the blood of freemen :  
 Sons of Crecy and Flodden are we !  
 We shall sunder them, fire, and plunder them ;  
 English boats on an English sea !  
 And our oath we swear  
 By the name we bear,  
 By England's Queen, and England free and fair,—  
 Her's ever and her's still, come life, come death !  
 God save Elizabeth !

Drake and Frobisher, Hawkins and Howard,  
 Raleigh, Cavendish, Cecil, and Brooke,  
 Hang like wasps by the Flagships tower'd,  
 Sting their way through the thrice-piled oak !  
 Let them range their seven-mile crescent,  
 Giant galleons, canvas wide !  
 Ours will harry them, board, and carry them,  
 Plucking the plumes of the Spanish pride.  
 For our oath we swear  
 By the name we bear,  
 By England's Queen, and England free and fair,—  
 Her's ever and her's still, come life, come death !  
 God save Elizabeth !

Has God risen in wrath and scatter'd ?  
 Have His tempests smote them in scorn ?  
 Past the Orcades, dumb and tatter'd,  
 'Mong sea-beasts do they drift forlorn ?

We were as lions hungry for battle ;  
 God has made our battle His own !  
 God has scatter'd them, sunk, and shatter'd them :  
 Give the glory to Him alone !  
 While our oath we swear  
 By the name we bear,  
 By England's Queen, and England free and fair,—  
 Her's ever and her's still, come life, come death !  
 God save Elizabeth !

*Francis Turner Palgrave, "The Visions of  
 England".*

## XXXVII

# DAVID GWYNN'S STORY OF HOW HE AND THE GOLDEN SKELETON CRIPPLED THE GREAT ARMADA SAILING OUT

*(From "Christmas at the Mermaid")*

"A galley lie" they called my tale ; but he  
 Whose talk is with the deep kens mighty tales.  
 The man, I say, who helped to keep you free  
 Stands here, a truthful son of truthful Wales.  
 Slandered by England as a loose-lipped liar,  
 Banished from Ireland, branded rogue and thief,  
 Here stands that Gwynn whose life of torments dire  
 Heaven sealed for England, sealed in blood and fire—  
 Stands asking here Truth's one reward, belief !

And Spain shall tell, with pallid lips of dread,  
 This tale of mine—shall tell, in future days,  
 How Gwynn, the galley-slave, once fought and bled  
 For England when she moved in perilous ways ;  
 But say, ye gentlemen of England, sprung  
 From loins of men whose ghosts have still the sea—  
 Doth England—she who loves the loudest tongue—  
 Remember mariners whose deeds are sung  
 By waves where flowed their blood to keep her free ?

I see—I see ev'n now—those ships of Spain  
Gathered in Tagus' mouth to make the spring;  
I feel the cursèd oar, I toil again,  
And trumpets blare, and priests and choir-boys sing;  
And morning strikes with many a crimson shaft,  
Through ruddy haze, four galleys rowing out—  
Four galleys built to pierce the English craft,  
Each swivel-gunned for raking fore and aft,  
Snouted like sword-fish, but with iron snout.

And one we call the *Princess*, one the *Royal*,  
*Diana* one; but 'tis the fell *Basana*  
Where I am toiling, Gwynn, the true, the loyal,  
Thinking of mighty Drake and Gloriana;  
For by their help Hope whispers me that I—  
Whom ten hours' daily travail at a stretch  
Has taught how sweet a thing it is to die—  
May strike once more where flags of England fly,  
Strike for myself and many a haggard wretch.

True sorrow knows a tale it may not tell;  
Again I feel the lash that tears my back;  
Again I hear mine own blaspheming yell,  
Answered by boatswain's laugh and scourge's crack;  
Again I feel the pang when trying to choke  
Rather than drink the wine, or chew the bread  
Wherewith, when rest for meals would break the stroke,  
They cram our mouths while still we sit at yoke;  
Again is Life, not Death, the shape of dread.

By Finisterre there comes a sudden gale,  
And mighty waves assault our trembling galley  
With blows that strike her waist as strikes a flail,  
And soldiers cry, "What saint shall bid her rally?"  
Some slaves refuse to row, and some implore  
The Dons to free them from the metal tether  
By which their limbs are locked upon the oar;  
Some shout, in answer to the billows' roar,  
"The Dons and we will drink brine-wine together".

"Bring up the slave," I hear the captain cry,  
 "Who sank the golden galleon *El Dorado*.  
 The dog can steer."

"Here sits the dog," quoth I,  
 "Who sank the ship of Commodore Medrado!"  
 With hell-lit eyes, blistered by spray and rain,  
 Standing upon the bridge, saith he to me:  
 "Hearken, thou pirate—bold Medrado's bane!—  
 Freedom and gold are thine, and thanks of Spain,  
 If thou canst take the galley through this sea."

"Ay! Ay!" quoth I. The fools unlock me straight!  
 And then 'tis I give orders to the Don,  
 Laughing within to hear the laugh of Fate,  
 Whose winning game I know hath just begun.  
 I mount the bridge when dies the last red streak  
 Of evening, and the moon seems fair for night.  
 Oh then I see beneath the galley's beak  
 A glow like Spanish *auto's* ruddy reek—  
 Oh then these eyes behold a wondrous sight!

A skeleton, but yet with living eyes—  
 A skeleton, but yet with bones like gold—  
 Squats on the galley-beak, in wondrous wise,  
 And round his brow, of high imperial mould,  
 A burning circle seems to shake and shine,  
 Bright, fiery bright, with many a living gem,  
 Throwing a radiance o'er the foam-lit brine:  
 "'Tis God's Revenge," methinks. "Heaven sends for sign  
 That bony shape—that Inca's diadem."

At first the sign is only seen of me,  
 But well I know that God's Revenge hath come  
 To strike the Armada, set old ocean free,  
 And cleanse from stain of Spain the beauteous foam.  
 Quoth I, "How fierce soever be the levin  
 Spain's hand can hurl—made mightier still for wrong  
 By that great Scarlet One whose hills are seven—  
 Yea, howsoever Hell may scoff at Heaven—  
 Stronger than Hell is God, though Hell is strong."

"The dog can steer," I laugh; "yea, Drake's men know  
How sea-dogs hold a ship to Biscay waves."

Ah! when I bid the soldiers go below,

Some 'neath the hatches, some beside the slaves,  
And bid them stack their muskets all in piles

Beside the foremast, covered by a sail,  
The captives guess my plan—I see their smiles  
As down the waist the cozened troop defiles,

Staggering and stumbling landsmen, faint and pale.

I say, they guess my plan—to send beneath  
The soldiers to the benches where the slaves  
Sit, armed with eager nails and eager teeth—

Hate's nails and teeth more keen than Spanish glaives,  
Then wait until the tempest's waxing might

Shall reach its fiercest, mingling sea and sky,  
Then seize the key, unlock the slaves, and smite  
The sea-sick soldiers in their helpless plight,  
Then bid the Spaniards pull at oar or die.

Past Ferrol Bay each galley 'gins to stoop,  
Shuddering before the Biscay demon's breath.

Down goes a prow—down goes a gaudy poop:

"The Don's *Diana* bears the Don to death,"  
Quoth I, "and see the *Princess* plunge and wallow

Down purple trough, o'er snowy crest of foam:  
See! See! the *Royal*, how she tries to follow  
By many a glimmering crest and shimmering hollow,  
Where gull and petrel scarcely dare to roam."

Now three queen-galleys pass Cape Finisterre;

The Armada, dreaming but of ocean-storms,  
Thinks not of mutineers with shoulders bare,

Chained, bloody-wealed and pale, on galley-forms,  
Each rower murmuring o'er my whispered plan,  
Deep-burnt within his brain in words of fire,

"Rise, every man, to tear to death his man—  
Yea, tear as only galley-captives can,

When God's Revenge sings loud to ocean's lyre."



Taller the spectre grows 'mid ocean's din ;  
The captain sees the Skeleton and pales :  
I give the sign : the slaves cry, "Ho for Gwynn !"  
"Teach them," quoth I, "the way we grip in Wales."  
And, leaping down where hateful boatswains shake,  
I win the key—let loose a storm of slaves :  
"When captives hold the whip, let drivers quake,"  
They cry ; "sit down, ye Dons, and row for Drake,  
Or drink to England's Queen in foaming waves".

We leap adown the hatches ; in the dark  
We stab the Dons at random, till I see  
A spark that trembles like a tinder-spark,  
Waxing and brightening, till it seems to be  
A fleshless skull, with eyes of joyful fire :  
Then, lo ! a bony shape with lifted hands—  
A bony mouth that chants an anthem dire,  
O'ertopping groans, o'ertopping Ocean's quire—  
A skeleton with Inca's diadem stands !

It sings the song I heard an Indian sing,  
Chained by the ruthless Dons to burn at stake,  
When priests of Tophet chanted in a ring,  
Sniffing man's flesh at roast for Christ His sake.  
The Spaniards hear : they see : they fight no more ;  
They cross their foreheads, but they dare not speak.  
Anon the spectre, when the strife is o'er,  
Melts from the dark, then glimmers as before,  
Burning upon the conquered galley's beak.

And now the moon breaks through the night, and shows  
The *Royal* bearing down upon our craft—  
Then comes a broadside close at hand, which strows  
Our deck with bleeding bodies fore and aft.  
I take the helm ; I put the galley near :  
We grapple in silver sheen of moonlit surge.  
Amid the *Royal's* din I laugh to hear  
The curse of many a British mutineer,  
The crack, crack, crack of boatswain's biting scourge.

"Ye scourge in vain," quoth I, "scourging for life  
Slaves who shall row no more to save the Don";  
For from the *Royal's* poop, above the strife,  
Their captain gazes at our Skeleton!

"What! is it thou, Pirate of *El Dorado*?"

He shouts in English tongue. And there, behold!  
Stands he, the devil's commodore, Medrado.

"Ay! ay!" quoth I, "Spain owes me one strappado  
For scuttling Philip's ship of stolen gold."

"I come for that strappado now," quoth I.

"What means yon thing of burning bones?" he saith.

"'Tis God's Revenge cries 'Bloody Spain shall die!'

The king of *El Dorado's* name is Death.

Strike home, ye slaves, your hour is coming swift,"

I cry; "strong hands are stretched to save you now;  
Show yonder spectre you are worth the gift."

But when the *Royal*, captured, rides adrift,

I look: the skeleton hath left our prow.

When all are slain, the tempest's wings have fled,

But still the sea is dreaming of the storm:

Far down the offing glows a spot of red,

My soul knows well it hath that Inca's form.

"It lights," quoth I, "the red cross banner of Spain

There on the flagship where Medina sleeps—

Hell's banner, wet with sweat of Indians' pain,

And tears of women yoked to treasure train,

Scarlet of blood for which the New World weeps.

There on the dark the flagship of the Don

To me seems luminous of the spectre's glow;

But soon an arc of gold, and then the Sun,

Rise o'er the reddening billows, proud and slow;

Then, through the curtains of the morning mist,

That take all shifting colours as they shake,

I see the great Armada coil and twist

Miles, miles along the ocean's amethyst,

Like an enormous, rainbow-tinted snake.

And, when the hazy veils of Morn are thinned,  
 That snake accursed, with wings which swell and puff  
 Before the slackening horses of the wind,  
 Turns into shining ships that tack and luff.  
 "Behold," quoth I, "their floating citadels,  
 The same the priests have vouch'd for musket-proof,  
 Caracks and hulks and nimble caravels,  
 That sailed with us to sound of Lisbon bells,—  
 Yea, sailed from Tagus' mouth, for Christ's behoof.

For Christ's behoof they sailed: see how they go  
 With that red skeleton to show the way  
 There sitting on Medina's stem aglow—  
 A hundred sail and forty-nine, men say;  
 Behold them, brothers, galleon and galleasse—  
 Their dizen'd turrets bright of many a plume,  
 Their gilded poops, their shining guns of brass,  
 Their trucks, their flags—behold them, how they pass—  
 With God's Revenge for figurehead—to Doom!"

*Theodore Watts-Dunton, "The Coming of Love,  
 and other poems".*

## XXXVIII

## IVRY

*(A Song of the Huguenots)*

*(4 MARCH, 1590)*

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts from whom all glories are!  
 And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre!  
 Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,  
 Through thy cornfields green, and sunny vines, oh pleasant  
 land of France!  
 And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the  
 waters,  
 Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning  
 daughters.  
 As thou wert constant in our ill, be joyous in our joy,  
 For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy  
 walls annoy.

Hurrah! Hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war;

Hurrah! Hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,

We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;  
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,  
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.

There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land;

And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand:

And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,

And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;  
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,

To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armour drest,  
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.

He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;  
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.

Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,

Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our Lord the King!"

"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,  
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,  
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,

And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din  
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin.

The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,  
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.

Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,  
 Charge for the golden lilies,—upon them with the lance.  
 A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in  
 rest,

A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white  
 crest ;

And in they burst, and on they rushed, while like a guid-  
 ing star,

Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours. Mayenne hath turned  
 his rein.

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish count is  
 slain.

Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay  
 gale ;

The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and  
 cloven mail.

And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,  
 "Remember St. Bartholomew," was passed from man to  
 man.

But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe :  
 "Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren  
 go."

Oh ! was there ever such a knight in friendship or in war,  
 As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre ?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France  
 to-day ;

And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.

But we of the religion have borne us best in fight ;

And the good Lord of Rosny has ta'en the cornet white.

Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,  
 The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false  
 Lorraine.

Up with it high ; unfurl it wide ; that all the host may  
 know

How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought  
 His Church such woe.

Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest  
 point of war,

Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

Ho ! maidens of Vienna ; Ho ! matrons of Lucerne ;  
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shal  
return.

Ho ! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,  
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spear-  
men's souls.

Ho ! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be  
bright ;

Ho ! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-  
night.

For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised  
the slave,

And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valour of the  
brave.

Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are ;  
And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre.

*Lord Macaulay, "Lays of Ancient Rome".*

## VI

## CAVALIER AND ROUNDHEAD

*"Diseases desperate grown  
By desperate appliance are relieved,  
Or not at all."*

"Hamlet," iv. 3.

*"What though the field be lost?  
All is not lost; th' unconquerable will,  
And study of revenge, immortal hate,  
And courage never to submit or yield."*

John Milton, "Paradise Lost," Book I.

*"The glories of our blood and state  
Are shadows, not substantial things;  
There is no armour against fate;  
Death lays his icy hands on kings."*

James Shirley, "Contention of Ajax and Ulysses".

*"He nothing common did or mean  
Upon that memorable scene,  
But with his keener eye  
The axe's edge did try;*

*Nor call'd the Gods, with vulgar spite,  
To vindicate his helpless right;  
But bow'd his comely head  
Down, as upon a bed."*

Andrew Marvell, "Horatian Ode upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland".

XXXX

## THE CAVALIERS' MARCH TO LONDON

[CHITVVA.]

(November, 1642)

To horse! to horse! brave Cavaliers!  
 To horse for Church and Crown:  
 Strike, strike your tents, snatch up your spears,  
 And ho for London town!  
 The imperial harlot, down'd a prey  
 To our avenging fires,  
 Sends up the voice of her dismay  
 From all her hundred spires.

The Strand resounds with invaders' shrieks,  
 The 'Change with merchants' sighs,  
 And blushes stand on brazen cheeks,  
 And tears in iron eyes;  
 And, pale with fasting and with fright,  
 Each Puritan Councillor  
 Hath summoned forth to prayer and fight  
 The Roundheads of the city.

And soon shall London's sentries hear  
 The thunder of our drum,  
 And London's dames, in wilder fear,  
 Shall cry, "Alick! they come!"  
 Fling the javelins;—tear up the spikes;  
 And forward, one and all,  
 Down, down with all their trained-hand pikes,  
 Down with their mud-built wall.

Quarter?—Foul fall your whining noise,  
 Ye recreant spawn of fraud!  
 No quarter! Think on Stratford, boys.  
 No quarter! Think on Laud.  
 What ho! The craven slaves retire.  
 On! Trample them to mud.  
 No quarter!—Charge. No quarter!—Fire.  
 No quarter!—Blood!—Blood!—Blood!



## 1 H 3' MARCH TO LONDON

Where next? In sooth there lacks no witch,  
 Brave lads, to tell us where :  
 Sure London's sons be passing rich,  
 Her daughters wondrous fair :  
 And let that dastard be the theme  
 Of many a Board's derision,  
 Who quails for sermon, cuff, or scream  
 Of any sweet Precisian.

Their lean divines, of solemn brow,  
 Sworn foes to throne and steeple,  
 From an unwonted pulpit now  
 Shall edify the people :  
 Till the tired hangman, in despair,  
 Shall curse the blunted shears,  
 And vainly pinch, and scrape, and tear,  
 Around their leathern ears.

We'll hang, above his own Guildhall,  
 The City's grave recorder,  
 And on the den of thieves we'll fall,  
 Though Pym should speak to order.  
 In vain the lank-haired gang shall try  
 To cheat our martial law ;  
 In vain shall Lenthall trembling cry  
 That strangers must withdraw.

Of Bench and Woolsack, tub and Chair,  
 We'll build a glorious pyre,  
 And tons of rebel parchment there  
 Shall crackle in the fire.  
 With them shall perish, cheek by jowl,  
 Petition, psalm, and libel,  
 The Colonel's canting muster-roll,  
 The Chaplain's dog-eared bible.

We'll tread a measure round the blaze  
 Where England's pest expires,  
 And lead along the dance's maze  
 The beauties of the Friars :

Then smiles in every face shall shine,  
 And joy in every scull.  
 Bring forth, bring forth the oldest wine,  
 And crown the largest bowl.

And as with nod and laugh ye sip  
 The goblet's rich carnation,  
 Whose bursting bubbles seem to tip  
 The wink of invitation ;  
 Drink to those names—those glorious names,  
 Those names no time shall sever,—  
 Drink, in a draught as deep as Thames,  
 Our Church and King for ever !

*Lord Macaulay, " Poetical Works ".*

## XL

## CAVALIER TUNES

## MARCHING ALONG

*(From " Dramatic Romances and Lyrics ")*

Kentish Sir Byng stood for his King,  
 Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing :  
 And, pressing a troop unable to stoop  
 And see the rogues flourish and honest folk droop,  
 Marched them along, fifty-score strong,  
 Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

God for King Charles ! Pym and such carles  
 'To the Devil that prompts 'em their treasonous parles !  
 Cavaliers, up ! Lips from the cup,  
 Hands from the pasty, nor bite take nor sup  
 Till you're *(Chorus) marching along, fifty-score strong,*  
*Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.*

Hampden to Hell, and his obsequies' knell  
 Serve Hazelrig, Fiennes, and young Harry as well !  
 England, good cheer ! Rupert is near !  
 Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here

*(Chorus) Marching along, fifty-score strong,*  
*Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song ?*

Then, God for King Charles! Pym and his snarls  
 To the Devil that pricks on such pestilent carles!  
 Hold by the right, you double your might;  
 So, onward to Nottingham, fresh for the fight.

*(Chorus) March we along, fifty-score strong,  
 Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song!*

#### GIVE A ROUSE

King Charles, and who'll do him right now?  
 King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?  
 Give a rouse: here's, in Hell's despite now,  
 King Charles!

Who gave me the goods that went since?  
 Who raised me the house that sank once?  
 Who helped me to gold I spent since?  
 Who found me in wine you drank once?

*(Chorus) King Charles, and who'll do him right now?  
 King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?  
 Give a rouse: here's, in Hell's despite now,  
 King Charles!*

To whom used my boy George quaff else,  
 By the old fool's side that begot him?  
 For whom did he cheer and laugh else,  
 While Noll's damned troopers shot him?

*(Chorus) King Charles, and who'll do him right now?  
 King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?  
 Give a rouse: here's, in Hell's despite now,  
 King Charles!*

#### BOOT AND SADDLE

Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!  
 Rescue my Castle, before the hot day  
 Brightens to blue from its silvery gray,

*(Chorus) "Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"*

Ride past the suburbs, asleep as you'd say;  
 Many's the friend there, will listen and pray  
 "God's luck to gallants that strike up the lay,

*(Chorus) "Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"*

Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay,  
 Flouts Castle Brancepeth the Roundheads' array :  
 Who laughs, " Good fellows ere this, by my fay,  
 (Chorus) " *Boot, saddle, to horse, and away !* "

Who? My wife Gertrude ; that, honest and gay,  
 Laughs when you talk of surrendering, " Nay !  
 " I've better counsellors ; what counsel they ? "

(Chorus) " *Boot, saddle, to horse, and away !* "  
*Robert Browning, " Poetical Works "*.

## XLI

## TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS

(ABOUT 1645)

(From "*Lucaſta : Odes, Sonnets, Songs, etc.*")

Tell me not, ſweet, I am unkind,—  
 That from the nunnery  
 Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind  
 To war and arms I fly.

True, a new miſtreſs now I chaſe,  
 The firſt foe in the field ;  
 And with a ſtronger faith embrace  
 A ſword, a horſe, a ſhield.

Yet this inconstancy is ſuch  
 As you, too, ſhall adore ;  
 I could not love thee, Dear, ſo much,  
 Loved I not honour more.

*Richard Lovelace, " Poems "*.

## XLII

## THE BATTLE OF NASEBY

(BY OBADIAH BIND-THEIR-KINGS-IN-CHAINS-AND-THEIR-NOBLES-  
 IN-LINKS-OF-IRON, SERGEANT OF IRETON'S REGIMENT.—  
 14 JUNE, 1645)

Oh, wherefore come ye forth, in triumph from the North,  
 With your hands, and your feet, and your raiment all red ?  
 And wherefore doth your rout ſend forth a joyous ſhout ?  
 And whence be the grapes of the winepreſs which ye  
 tread ?

Oh, evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,  
 And crimson was the juice of the vintage which we trod;  
 For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the  
 strong,

Who sate in the high places, and slew the saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day of June,  
 That we saw their banners dance and their cuirasses  
 shine;

And the Man of Blood was there, with his long essenced  
 hair,

And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the  
 Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,  
 The General rode along us to form us for the fight,  
 When a murmuring sound broke out, and swelled into a  
 shout,

Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right.

And hark! like the roar of the billows on the shore,  
 The cry of battle rises along their charging line!  
 For God! for the Cause! for the Church! for the Laws!  
 For Charles, King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine!

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,  
 His bravoes of Alsatia, and pages of Whitehall;  
 They are bursting on our flanks. Grasp your pikes—close  
 your ranks;

For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

They are here!—They rush on! We are broken—We are  
 gone!

Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.  
 O Lord, put forth Thy might! O Lord, defend the right!  
 Stand back to back in God's name, and fight it to the last.

Stout Skippon hath a wound; the centre hath given ground:  
 Hark! hark! what means the trampling of horsemen on  
 our rear?

Whose banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he, thank God, 'tis he,  
 boys!—

Bear up another minute! brave Oliver is here.

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,  
Like a whirlwind on the forest, like a deluge on the dykes,  
Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Accurst,  
And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide  
Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple Bar ;  
And he—he turns, he flies ; shame on those cruel eyes  
That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war.

Ho ! comrades, scour the plain ; and, ere ye strip the slain,  
First give another stab to make your guest secure,  
Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad-pieces and  
loquets,  
The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.

Fools ! your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts  
were gay and bold,  
When you kissed your lily hands to your lemans to-day ;  
And to-morrow shall the fox, from her chambers in the  
rocks,  
Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

Where be your tongues that late mocked at heaven and hell  
and fate,  
And the fingers that once were so busy with your blades,  
Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches and your oaths,  
Your stage-plays, and your sonnets, your diamonds and  
your spades ?

Down, down, for ever down, with the mitre and the crown,  
With the Belial of the Court and the Mammon of the  
Pope ;  
There is woe in Oxford halls ; there is wail in Durham's  
stalls !  
The Jesuit smites his bosom ; the Bishop rends his cope.

And She of the Seven Hills shall mourn her children's ills,  
And tremble when she thinks on the edge of England's  
sword ;

And the Kings of earth in fear shall shudder when they  
hear

What the hand of God hath wrought for the Houses and  
the Word.

*Lord Macaulay, "Poetical Works".*

XLIII

THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE

(21 MAY, 1650)

i

Come hither, Evan Cameron !  
Come, stand beside my knee—  
I hear the river roaring down  
Towards the wintry sea.  
There's shouting on the mountain-side,  
There's war within the blast—  
Old faces look upon me,  
Old forms go trooping past :  
I hear the pibroch wailing  
Amidst the din of fight,  
And my dim spirit wakes again  
Upon the verge of night.

ii

'Twas I that led the Highland host  
Through wild Lochaber's snows,  
What time the plaided clans came down  
To battle with Montrose.  
I've told thee how the Southrons fell  
Beneath the broad claymore,  
And how we smote the Campbell clan  
By Inverlochy's shore.  
I've told thee how we swept Dundee,  
And tamed the Lindsay's pride ;  
But never have I told thee yet  
How the great Marquis died.

## iii

A traitor sold him to his foes ;  
O deed of deathless shame !  
I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet  
With one of Assynt's name—  
Be it upon the mountain's side,  
Or yet within the glen,  
Stand he in martial gear alone,  
Or backed by armed men—  
Face him, as thou wouldst face the man  
Who wronged thy sire's renown ;  
Remember of what blood thou art,  
And strike the caitiff down !

## iv

They brought him to the Watergate,  
Hard bound with hempen span,  
As though they held a lion there,  
And not a fenceless man.  
They set him high upon a cart—  
*The hangman rode below—*  
They drew his hands behind his back,  
And bared his noble brow.  
Then, as a hound is slipped from leash,  
They cheered, the common throng,  
And blew the note with yell and shout,  
And bade them pass along.

## v

It would have made a brave man's heart  
Grow sad and sick that day,  
To watch the keen malignant eyes  
Bent down on that array.  
There stood the Whig west-country lords,  
In balcony and bow ;  
There sat their gaunt and withered dames,  
And their daughters all a-row.  
And every open window  
Was full as full might be  
With black-robed Covenanting carles,  
That goodly sport to see !



## vi

But when he came, though pale and wan,  
 He looked so great and high,  
 So noble was his manly front,  
 So calm his steadfast eye ;—  
 The rabble rout forbore to shout,  
 And each man held his breath,  
 For well they knew the hero's soul  
 Was face to face with death.  
 And then a mournful shudder  
 Through all the people crept,  
 And some that came to scoff at him  
 Now turned aside and wept.

## vii

But onwards—always onwards,  
 In silence and in gloom,  
 The dreary pageant laboured,  
 Till it reached the house of doom.  
 Then first a woman's voice was heard  
 In jeer and laughter loud,  
 And an angry cry and a hiss arose  
 From the heart of the tossing crowd :  
 Then as the Græme looked upwards,  
 He saw the ugly smile  
 Of him who sold his king for gold—  
 The master-fiend Argyle !

## viii

The Marquis gazed a moment,  
 And nothing did he say,  
 But the cheek of Argyle grew ghastly pale,  
 And he turned his eyes away.  
 The painted harlot by his side,  
 She shook through every limb,  
 For a roar like thunder swept the street,  
 And hands were clenched at him ;  
 And a Saxon soldier cried aloud,  
 “ Back, coward, from thy place !  
 For seven long years thou hast not dared  
 To look him in the face.”

## ix

Had I been there with sword in hand,  
And fifty Camerons by,  
That day through high Dunedin's streets  
Had pealed the slogan-cry.  
Not all their troops of trampling horse,  
Nor might of mailed men—  
Not all the rebels in the south  
Had borne us backwards then !  
Once more his foot on Highland heath  
Had trod as free as air,  
Or I, and all who bore my name,  
Been laid around him there !

## x

It might not be. They placed him next  
Within the solemn hall,  
Where once the Scottish kings were throned  
Amidst their nobles all.  
But there was dust of vulgar feet  
On that polluted floor,  
And perjured traitors filled the place  
Where good men sate before.  
With savage glee came Warristoun  
To read the murderous doom ;  
And then uprose the great Montrose  
In the middle of the room.

## xi

“ Now, by my faith as belted knight,  
And by the name I bear,  
And by the bright Saint Andrew's cross  
That waves above us there—  
Yea, by a greater, mightier onth—  
And oh, that such should be !—  
By that dark stream of royal blood  
That lies 'twixt you and me—  
I have not sought in battle-field  
A wreath of such renown,  
Nor dared I hope on my dying day  
To win the martyr's crown !

## xii

" There is a chamber far away  
Where sleep the good and brave,  
But a better place ye have named for me  
Than by my father's grave.  
For truth and right, 'gainst treason's might,  
This hand hath always striven,  
And ye raise it up for a witness still  
In the eye of earth and heaven.  
Then nail my head on yonder tower—  
Give every town a limb—  
And God who made shall gather them :  
I go from you to Him ! "

## xiii

The morning dawned full darkly,  
The rain came flashing down,  
And the jagged streak of the levin-bolt  
Lit up the gloomy town :  
The thunder crashed across the heaven,  
The fatal hour was come ;  
Yet aye broke in with muffled beat,  
The 'larum of the drum.  
There was madness on the earth below  
And anger in the sky,  
And young and old, and rich and poor,  
Came forth to see him die.

## xiv

Ah, God ! that ghastly gibbet !  
How dismal 'tis to see  
The great tall spectral skeleton,  
The ladder and the tree !  
Hark ! hark ! it is the clash of arms—  
The bells begin to toll—  
" He is coming ! he is coming !  
God's mercy on his soul ! "  
One last long peal of thunder—  
The clouds are cleared away,  
And the glorious sun once more looks down  
Amidst the dazzling day.

## xv

"He is coming ! he is coming !"

Like a bridegroom from his room,  
Came the hero from his prison  
To the scaffold and the doom.  
There was glory on his forehead,  
There was lustre in his eye,  
And he never walked to battle  
More proudly than to die :  
There was colour in his visage,  
Though the cheeks of all were wan,  
And they marvelled as they saw him pass,  
That great and goodly man !

## xvi

He mounted up the scaffold,  
And he turned him to the crowd ;  
But they dared not trust the people,  
So he might not speak aloud.  
But he looked upon the heavens,  
And they were clear and blue,  
And in the liquid ether  
The eye of God shone through !  
Yet a black and murky battlement  
Lay resting on the hill,  
As though the thunder slept within—  
All else was calm and still.

## xvii

The grim Geneva ministers  
With anxious scowl drew near,  
As you have seen the ravens flock  
Around the dying deer.  
He would not deign them word nor sign,  
But alone he bent the knee ;  
And veiled his face for Christ's dear grace  
Beneath the gallows-tree.  
Then radiant and serene he rose,  
And cast his cloak away :  
For he had ta'en his latest look  
Of earth and sun and day.

## xviii

A beam of light fell o'er him,  
 Like a glory round the shriven,  
 And he climbed the lofty ladder  
 As it were the path to heaven.  
 Then came a flash from out the cloud,  
 And a stunning thunder-roll ;  
 And no man dared to look aloft,  
 For fear was on every soul.  
 There was another heavy sound,  
 A hush and then a groan ;  
 And darkness swept across the sky—  
 The work of death was done !  
*William Edmonstoune Aytoun, "Lays of the  
 Scottish Cavaliers".*

## XLIV

## BONNY DUNDEE

(From "*The Doom of Devorgoil*")

(1689)

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se who spoke,  
 "Ere the King's crown shall fall there are crowns to be  
 broke ;  
 So let each Cavalier who loves honour and me,  
 Come follow the bonnet of Bonny Dundee !  
 Come, fill up my cup ; come, fill up my can ;  
 Come, saddle your horses, and call up your men ;  
 Come, open the West Port, and let me gang free,  
 And it's room for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee !"

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,  
 The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat ;  
 But the Provost, douce man, said, "Just e'en let him be ;  
 The Gude Town is weel quit of that deil of Dundee !"

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,  
 Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow ;  
 But the young plants of grace they looked couthie and slee,  
 Thinking "Luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonny Dundee !"

With sour-featured Whigs the Grassmarket was crammed,  
As if half the West had set tryst to be hanged;  
There was spite in each look, there was fear in each e'e,  
As they watched for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee.

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,  
And lang-hafted gullies to kill Cavaliers;  
But they shrunk to close-heads and the causeway was free  
At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

He spurred to the foot of the proud Castle rock,  
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke:—  
"Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words or  
three,  
For the love of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee."

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes;  
"Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose!  
Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,  
Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

"There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth;  
If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in the  
north;

There are wild Duniewassals three thousand times three,  
Will cry 'hoigh' for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!

"There's brass on the target of barked bull-hide;  
There's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside;  
The brass shall be burnished, the steel shall flash free,  
At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee!

"Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks,  
Ere I own an usurper I'll couch with the fox;  
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee:  
You have not seen the last of my bonnets and me."

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were blown,  
The kettle-drums clashed, and the horsemen rode on,  
Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lee  
Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny Dundee.

And a cry of exultation  
 From the bearded warriors rose ;  
 For we loved the house of Claver'se,  
 And we thought of good Montrose.  
 But he raised his hand for silence—  
 "Soldiers ! I have sworn a vow :  
 Ere the evening star shall glisten  
 On Schehallion's lofty brow,  
 Either we shall rest in triumph,  
 Or another of the Græmes  
 Shall have died in battle-harness  
 For his Country and King James !  
 Think upon the Royal Martyr—  
 Think of what his race endure—  
 Think of him whom butchers murdered  
 On the field of Magus Muir :—  
 By his sacred blood I charge ye,  
 By the ruined hearth and shrine—  
 By the blighted hopes of Scotland,  
 By your injuries and mine—  
 Strike this day as if the anvil  
 Lay beneath your blows the while,  
 Be they covenanting traitors,  
 Or the brood of false Argyle !  
 Strike ! and drive the trembling rebels  
 Backwards o'er the stormy Forth ;  
 Let them tell their pale Convention  
 How they fared within the North.  
 Let them tell that Highland honour  
 Is not to be bought nor sold,  
 That we scorn their prince's anger  
 As we loathe his foreign gold.  
 Strike ! and when the fight is over,  
 If ye look in vain for me,  
 Where the dead are lying thickest,  
 Search for him that was Dundee ! "

## iii

Loudly then the hills re-echoed  
 With our answer to his call,  
 But a deeper echo sounded  
 In the bosoms of us all.

For the lunds of wide Breadalbane,  
Not a man who heard him speak  
Would that day have left the battle.  
Burning eye and flushing cheek  
Told the clansmen's fierce emotion,  
And they harder drew their breath ;  
For their souls were strong within them,  
Stronger than the grasp of death.  
Soon we heard a challenge-trumpet  
Sounding in the Pass below,  
And the distant tramp of horses,  
And the voices of the foe :  
Down we crouched amid the bracken,  
Till the Lowland ranks drew near,  
Panting like the hounds in summer  
When they scent the stately deer.  
From the dark defile emerging,  
Next we saw the squadrons come,  
Leslie's foot and Leven's troopers  
Marching to the tuck of drum.  
Through the scattered wood of birches,  
O'er the broken ground and heath,  
Wound the long battalion slowly  
Till they gained the plain beneath ;  
Then we bounded from our covert—  
Judge how looked the Saxons then,  
When they saw the rugged mountain  
Start to life with armed men !  
Like a tempest down the ridges  
Swept a hurricane of steel,  
Rose the slogan of Macdonald—  
Flashed the broadsword of Lochail !  
Vainly sped the withering volley  
'Mongst the foremost of our band—  
On we poured until we met them,  
Foot to foot, and hand to hand.  
Horse and man went down like drift-wood  
When the floods are black at Yule,  
And their carcasses are whirling  
In the Garry's deepest pool.



Horse and man went down before us—  
 Living foe their tarried none  
 On the field of Killiecrankie,  
 When that stubborn fight was done !

## iv

And the evening star was shining  
 On Schellalion's distant head,  
 When we wiped our bloody broadswords,  
 And returned to count the dead.  
 There we found him gashed and gory,  
 Stretched upon the cumbered plain,  
 As he told us where to seek him,  
 In the thickest of the slain,  
 And a smile was on his visage,  
 For within his dying ear  
 Pealed the joyful note of triumph,  
 And the clausmen's clamorous cheer :  
 So, amidst the battle's thunder,  
 Shot, and steel, and scorching flame,  
 In the glory of his manhood  
 Passed the spirit of the Græme !

## v

Open wide the vaults of Atholl,  
 Where the bones of heroes rest—  
 Open wide the hallowed portals  
 To receive another guest !  
 Last of Scots, and last of freemen—  
 Last of all that dauntless race,  
 Who would rather die unsullied  
 Than outlive the land's disgrace !  
 O thou lion-hearted warrior !  
 Reck not of the after-time :  
 Honour may be deemed dishonour,  
 Loyalty be called a crime.  
 Sleep in peace with kindred ashes  
 Of the noble and the true,  
 Hands that never failed their country,  
 Hearts that never baseness knew.

Sleep!—and till the latest trumpet  
 Wakes the dead from earth and sea,  
 Scotland shall not boast a braver  
 Chieftain than our own Dundee!

William Edmonstoune Aytoun, "Lays of the  
 Scottish Cavaliers".

## XIV

## WILLY GILLILAND

(*An Ulster Ballad*)

(1679 on 1680)

Up in the mountain solitudes, and in a rebel ring,  
 He has worshipped God upon the hill, in spite of Church  
 and King,  
 And sealed his treason with his blood on Bothwell bridge  
 he hath;  
 So he must fly his father's land, or he must die the death;  
 For comely Claverhouse has come along with grim Dalzell,  
 And his smoking roof-tree testifies they've done their errand  
 well.

In vain to fly his enemies he fled his native land;  
 Hot persecution waited him upon the Carrick strand;  
 His name was on the Carrick cross, a price was on his  
 head,  
 A fortune to the man that brings him in alive or dead!  
 And so on moor and mountain, from the Lagan to the  
 Bann,  
 From house to house, and hill to hill, he lurked an outlawed  
 man.

At last, when in false company he might no longer bide,  
 He staid his houseless wanderings upon the Collon side;  
 There in a cave all underground he laired his heathy den—  
 Ah, many a gentleman was slain to earth like hill-fox then!  
 With hound and fishing-rod he lived on hill and stream, by  
 day:  
 At night, betwixt his fleet greyhound and his bonny mare  
 he lay.

It was a summer evening, and, mellowing and still,  
Glenwhirry to the setting sun lay bare from hill to hill;  
For all that valley pastoral held neither house nor tree,  
But spread abroad and open all, a full fair sight to see;  
From Slemish foot to Collon top lay one unbroken green,  
Save where, in many a silver coil, the river glanced be-  
tween.

And on the river's grassy bank, even from the morning  
grey,  
He at the angler's pleasant sport had spent the summer  
day:  
Ah! many a time and oft I've spent the summer day from  
dawn,  
And wondered, when the sunset came, where time and care  
had gone,  
Along the reaches curling fresh, the wimpling pools and  
streams,  
Where he that day his cares forgot in those delightful  
dreams.

His blithe work done, upon a bank the outlaw rested now,  
And laid the basket from his back, the bonnet from his  
brow;  
And there, his hand upon the Book, his knee upon the sod,  
He filled the lonely valley with the gladsome word of God;  
And for a persecuted kirk, and for her martyrs dear,  
And against a godless Church and king, he spoke up loud  
and clear.

And now, upon his homeward way, he crossed the Collon  
high,  
And over bush and bank and brae he sent abroad his  
eye;  
And all was darkening peacefully in grey and purple haze,  
The thrush was silent in the banks, the lark upon the  
braes—  
When suddenly shot up a blaze—from the cave's mouth it  
came,  
And troopers' steeds and troopers' caps are glancing in the  
same!

He crouched among the heather, and he saw them as he  
lay,  
With three long yells at parting, ride lightly east away;  
Then down with heavy heart he came, to sorry cheer came  
he,  
For ashes black were crackling where the green whins used  
to be,  
And, stretched among the prickly coomb, his heart's blood  
smoking round,  
From slender nose to breast-bone cleft, lay dead his good  
greyhound!

"They've slain my dog, the Philistines! they've ta'en my  
bonny mare!"—

He plunged into the smoky hole—no bonny beast was  
there;

He groped beneath his burning bed (it burned him to the  
bone),

Where his good weapon used to be, but broadsword there  
was none;

He reeled out of the stifling den, and sat down on a stone,  
And in the shadows of the night 'twas thus he made his  
moan—

"I am a houseless outcast; I have neither bed nor board,  
Nor living thing to look upon, nor comfort save the Lord.  
Yet many a time were better men in worse extremity:  
Who succoured them in their distress, He now will succour  
me;

He now will succour me I know: and, by His holy name,  
I'll make the doers of this deed right dearly rue the same!

"My bonny mare! I've ridden you when Claver'se rode  
behind,

And from the thumbscrew and the boot you bore me like  
the wind;

And, while I have the life you saved, on your sleek flank,  
I swear,

Episcopalian rowel shall never ruffle hair!

Though sword to wield they've left me none—yet Wallace  
wight, I wis,

Good battle did on Irvine side wi' waur weapon than this."

His fishing-rod with both his hands he griped it as he spoke,

And, where the butt and top were spliced, in pieces twain he broke;

The limber top he cast away, with all its gear abroad,  
But, grasping the tough hickory butt, with spike of iron shod,

He ground the sharp spear to a point; then pulled his bonnet down,

And, meditating black revenge, set forth for Carrick town.

The sun shines bright on Carrick wall, and Carrick castle grey,

And up thine aisle, Saint Nicholas, has ta'en his morning way;

And to the North-gate sentinel displayeth far and near  
Sea, hill, and tower, and all thereon, in dewy freshness clear,

Save where, behind a ruined wall, himself alone to view,  
Is peering from the ivy-green a bonnet of the blue.

The sun shines red on Carrick wall, and Carrick Castle old,

And all the western buttresses have changed their grey for gold;

And from thy shrine, Saint Nicholas, the pilgrim of the sky

Hath gone in rich farewell, as fits such royal votary;

But, as his last red glance he takes down past black Slieve-a-true

He leaveth where he found it first, the bonnet of the blue.

Again he makes the turrets grey stand out before the hill,  
Constant as their foundation rock, there is the bonnet still!

And now the gates are opened, and forth in gallant show  
Prick jeering grooms and burghers blythe, and troopers in a row;

But one has little care for jest, so hard bested is he

To ride the outlaw's bonny mare, for this at last is she!

Down comes her master with a roar, her rider with a groan,  
The iron and the hickory are through and through him  
gone!

He lies a corpse; and where he sat, the outlaw sits again,  
And once more to his bonny mare he gives the spur and  
rein;

Then, some with sword, and some with gun, they ride and  
run amain

But sword and gun, and whip and spur that day they plied  
in vain!

Ah! little thought Willy Gilliland, when he on Skerry side  
Drew bridle first, and wiped his brow after that weary ride,  
That where he lay like hunted brute, a cavern'd outlaw  
lone,

Broad lands and yeomen tenantry should yet be there his  
own;

Yet so it was; and still from him descendants not a few  
Draw birth and lands, and, let me trust, draw love of Free-  
dom too.

*Sir Samuel Ferguson, "Lays of the Western Gaol".*

XLVII

THE SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN

(1688)

A good sword and a trusty hand!

A merry heart and true!

King James's men shall understand

What Cornish lads can do.

And have they fixed the where and when?

And shall Trelawny die?

Here's twenty thousand Cornish men

Will know the reason why!

Out spake their captain brave and bold,

A merry wight was he:

"If London Tower were Michael's hold

We'll set Trelawny free!

We'll cross the Tamar, land to land,  
 The Severn is no stay,—  
 With "one and all," and hand in hand,  
 And who shall bid us nay?

"And when we come to London Wall,  
 A pleasant sight to view,  
 Come forth! come forth, ye cowards all!  
 Here's men as good as you.

"Trelawny he's in keep and hold,  
 Trelawny he may die;  
 But here's twenty thousand Cornish bold  
 Will know the reason why!"

*Robert Stephen Hawker, "Pooms".*

#### XLVIII

### A BALLAD OF SARSFIELD, OR THE BURST- ING OF THE GUNS

(10, 11 August, 1690)

Sarsfield went out the Dutch to rout,  
 And to take and break their cannon;  
 To mass went he at half-past three,  
 And at four he crossed the Shannon.

Tirconnel slept. In dream his thoughts  
 Old fields of victory ran on;  
 And the chieftains of Thomond in Limerick's towers  
 Slept well by the banks of Shannon.

He rode ten miles and he cross'd the ford,  
 And couch'd in the wood and waited;  
 Till, left and right, on march'd in sight  
 That host which the true men hated.

"Charge!" Sarsfield cried; and the green hill side  
 As they charged replied in thunder;  
 They rode o'er the plain and they rode o'er the slain,  
 And the rebel rout lay under.

The spark flash'd out—like a sailor's shout  
The sound into heaven ascended ;  
The hosts of the sky made to earth reply,  
And the thunders twain were blended !

Sarsfield went out the Dutch to rout,  
And to take and break their cannon ;—  
A century after, Sarsfield's laughter  
Was echoed from Dungannon.

*Aubrey de Vere, "Inisfall".*



## VII

### ENGLAND AND EUROPE

(FROM CREMONA TILL AFTER WATERLOO)

*Since he, miscall'd the Morning Star,  
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.*

Byron, "Ode to Napoleon".

*When lawyers strive to heal a breach,  
And parsons practise what they preach ;  
Then little Boney he'll pounce down,  
And march his men on London town.*

Old Song.

## XLIX

### CREMONA

(1702)

The Grenadiers of Austria are proper men and tall ;  
The Grenadiers of Austrin have scaled the city wall ;  
    They have marched from far away  
    Ere the dawning of the day,  
And the morning saw them masters of Cremona.

There's not a man to whisper, there's not a horse to neigh,  
Of the footmen of Lorraine and the riders of Duprés ;  
    They have crept up every street,  
    In the market-place they meet,  
They are holding every vantage in Cremona.

The Marshal Villeroy he has started from his bed ;  
The Marshal Villeroy has no wig upon his head ;  
    " I have lost my men ! " quoth he,  
    " And my men they have lost me ,  
And I sorely fear we both have lost Cremona " .

Prince Eugène of Austria is in the market-place ;  
Prince Eugène of Austria has smiles upon his face ;  
    Says he , " Our work is done ,  
    For the Citadel is won ,  
And the black and yellow flag flies o'er Cremona " .

Major Dan O'Mahony is in the barrack square ,  
And just six hundred Irish lads are waiting for him there ;  
    Says he " Come in your shirt ,  
    And you wont take any hurt ,  
For the morning air is pleasant in Cremona " .

Major Dan O'Mahony is at the barrack gate ,  
And just six hundred Irish lads will neither stay nor wait ;  
    There's Dillon and there's Burke ,  
    And there'll be some bloody work  
Ere the Kaiserlics shall boast they hold Cremona .

Major Dan O'Mahony has reached the river fort ,  
And just six hundred Irish lads are joining in the sport ;  
    " Come take a hand ! " says he ,  
    " And if you will stand by me ,  
Then it's glory to the man who takes Cremona ! " .

Prince Eugène of Austria has frowns upon his face ,  
And loud he calls his Galloper of Irish blood and race :  
    " MacDonnell , ride , I pray ,  
    To your countrymen , and say ,  
That only they are left in all Cremona ! " .

MacDonnell he has reined his mare beside the river dyke ,  
And he has tied the parley flag upon a serjeant's pike ;  
    Six companies were there ,  
    From Limerick and Clare ,  
The last of all the guardians of Cremona .

"Now, Major Dan O'Mahony, give up the river gate,  
Or, Major Dan O'Mahony, you'll find it is too late ;  
For when I gallop back,  
'Tis the signal for attack,  
And no quarter for the Irish in Cremona !"

And Major Dan he laughed : "Faith, if what you say be  
true,  
And if they will not come until they hear again from you,  
Then there will be no attack,  
For you're never going back,  
And we'll keep you snug and safely in Cremona".

All the weary day the German stormers came,  
All the weary day they were faced by fire and flame,  
They have filled the ditch with dead,  
And the river's running red ;  
But they cannot win the gateway of Cremona.

All the weary day, again, again, again,  
The horsemen of Duprés and the footmen of Lorraine,  
Taaffe and Herberstein,  
And the riders of the Rhine ;  
It's a mighty price they're paying for Cremona.

Time and time they came with the deep-mouthed German  
roar,  
Time and time they broke like the wave upon the shore ;  
For better men were there  
From Limerick and Clare,  
And who will take the gateway of Cremona ?

Prince Eugène has watched, and he gnaws his nether lip ;  
Prince Eugène has cursed as he saw his chances slip :  
"Call off! Call off!" he cried,  
"It is nearing eventide,  
And I fear our work is finished in Cremona".

Says Wauchop to McAuliffe, "Their fire is growing slack".  
Says Major Dan O'Mahony, "It is their last attack ;  
But who will stop the game  
While there's light to play the same,  
And to walk a short way with them from Cremona?"

And so they snarl behind them, and beg them turn and come ;

They have taken Neuberg's standard, they have taken Diak's drum ;

And along the winding Po,

Beard on shoulder, stern and slow,

The Kaiserlies are riding from Cremona.

Just two hundred Irish lads are shouting on the wall ;

Four hundred more are lying who can hear no slogan call ;

But what's the odds of that,

For it's all the same to Pat

If he pays his debt in Dublin or Cremona.

Says General de Vandray, " You've done a soldier's work !

And every tongue in France shall talk of Dillon and of Burke !

" Ask what you will this day,

And be it what it may,

It is granted to the heroes of Cremona."

" Why, then," says Dan O'Mahony, " one favour we entreat,  
We were called a little early, and our toilet's not complete.

We've no quarrel with the shirt,

But the breeches wouldn't hurt,

For the evening air is chilly in Cremona."

*Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, " Songs of Action ".*

L

## THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

*(From " Ballads and Metrical Pieces ")*

(13 AUGUST, 1704)

It was a summer evening,

Old Kaspar's work was done,

And he before his cottage door

Was sitting in the sun ;

And by him sported on the green

His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin  
Roll something large and round,  
Which he beside the rivulet,  
In playing there, had found :  
He came to ask what he had found,  
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,  
Who stood expectant by ;  
And then the old man shook his head,  
And, with a natural sigh,  
“ 'Tis some poor fellow's skull,” said he,  
“ Who fell in the great victory !

“ I find them in the garden, for  
There's many here about ;  
And often when I go to plough,  
The ploughshare turns them out ;  
For many thousand men,” said he,  
“ Were slain in the great victory !”

“ Now, tell us what 'twas all about,”  
Young Peterkin he cries ;  
And little Wilhelmine looks up  
With wonder-waiting eyes ;  
“ Now tell us all about the war,  
And what they kill'd each other for.”

“ It was the English,” Kaspar cried,  
“ That put the French to rout ;  
But what they killed each other for  
I could not well make out.  
But everybody said,” quoth he,  
“ That 'twas a famous victory !

“ My father lived at Blenheim then,  
Yon little stream hard by ;  
They burn'd his dwelling to the ground,  
And he was forced to fly :  
So with his wife and child he fled,  
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round  
Was wasted far and wide ;  
And many a childing mother then  
And new-born baby died.  
But things like that, you know, must be  
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight  
After the field was won ;  
For many thousand bodies here  
Lay rotting in the sun.  
But things like that, you know, must be  
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,  
And our good prince Eugene."  
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing !"  
Said little Wilhelmine.  
"Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,  
"It was a famous victory !"

"And everybody praised the Duke  
Who such a fight did win."  
"But what good came of it at last ?"  
Quoth little Peterkin.  
"Why that I cannot tell," said he,  
"But 'twas a famous victory !"

Robert Southey, "Poetical Works".

11

## PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

(From "*Tales of a Wayside Inn*," Part I)

(18 April, 1775)

Listen, my children, and you shall hear  
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,  
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five ;  
Hardly a man is now alive  
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march  
By land or sea from the town to-night,  
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch  
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—  
One, if by land, and two, if by sea :  
And I on the opposite shore will be,  
Ready to ride and spread the alarm  
Through every Middlesex village and farm,  
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good-night !" and with muffled oar,  
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,  
Just as the moon rose over the bay,  
Where, swinging wide at her moorings, lay  
The Somerset, British man-of-war ;  
A phantom-ship, with each mast and spar  
Across the moon like a prison bar,  
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified  
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,  
Wanders and watches with eager ears,  
Till in the silence around him he hears  
The muster of men at the barrack-door,  
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,  
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,  
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the old North Church,  
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,  
To the belfry-chamber overhead,  
And startled the pigeons from their perch  
On the sombre rafters, that round him made  
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—  
To the trembling ladder, steep and tall,  
To the highest window in the wall,  
Where he paused to listen and look down  
And then on the roofs of the town,  
Beneath, moonlight flowing over all.  
In their night the churchyard, lay the dead  
Wrapped in slumber on the hill,  
So deep and still

That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,  
The watchful night-wind as it went  
Creeping along from tent to tent,  
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"  
A moment only he feels the spell  
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread  
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;  
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent  
On a shadowy something far away,  
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—  
A line of black that bends and floats  
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,  
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride  
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.  
Now he patted his horse's side,  
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,  
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,  
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;  
But mostly he watched with eager search  
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,  
As it rose above the graves on the hill,  
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.  
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height  
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!  
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,  
But lingers and gazes, till, full on his sight,  
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in the village street,  
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,  
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark  
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet;  
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the  
light,  
The fate of a nation was riding that night;  
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,  
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,  
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,  
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;



And under the alders, that skirt its edge,  
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,  
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,  
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.  
He heard the crowing of the cock,  
And the barking of the farmer's dog,  
And felt the damp of the river fog,  
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock  
When he galloped into Lexington.  
He saw the gilded weathercock  
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,  
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,  
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,  
As if they already stood aghast  
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock  
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.  
He heard the bleating of the flock,  
And the twitter of birds among the trees,  
And felt the breath of the morning breeze  
Blowing over the meadows brown.  
And one was safe and asleep in his bed  
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,  
Who that day would be lying dead,  
Pierced by a British musket ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,  
How the British Regulars fired and fled,—  
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,  
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,  
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,  
Then crossing the fields to emerge again  
Under the trees at the turn of the road,  
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;  
And so through the night went his cry of alarm  
To every Middlesex village and farm,—

A cry of defiance and not of fear,  
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,  
And a word that shall echo for evermore !  
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,  
Through all our history, to the last,  
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,  
The people will waken and listen to hear  
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,  
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, "Poetical Works".*

## LII

## THE BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN

(3 DECEMBER, 1800)

On Linden, when the sun was low,  
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow ;  
And dark as winter was the flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,  
When the drum beat, at dead of night,  
Commanding fires of death to light  
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,  
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,  
And furious every charger neigh'd  
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven ;  
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven ;  
And, louder than the bolts of heaven,  
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow  
On Linden's hills of stained snow ;  
And bloodier yet the torrent flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn ; but scarce yon level sun  
 Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,  
 Where furious Frank and fiery Hun  
 Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens : On, ye brave !  
 Who rush to glory, or the grave !  
 Wave, Munich ! all thy banners wave !  
 And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few shall part where many meet !  
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet,  
 And every turf beneath their feet  
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre !

*Thomas Campbell, " Poetical Works ".*

### LIII

## THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

(2 APRIL, 1801)

Of Nelson and the North  
 Sing the glorious day's renown,  
 When to battle fierce came forth  
 All the might of Denmark's crown,  
 And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;  
 By each gun the lighted brand,  
 In a bold determined band,  
 And the Prince of all the land  
 Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat,  
 Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;  
 While the sign of battle flew  
 On the lofty British line :  
 It was ten of April morn by the chime :  
 As they drifted on their path,  
 There was silence deep as death ;  
 And the boldest held his breath  
 For a time.

But the might of England flush'd  
 To anticipate the scene ;  
 And her van the fleetest rush'd

O'er the deadly space between.  
"Hearts of oak!" our captain cried; when each gun  
From its adamant lips  
Spread a death-shade round the ships,  
Like the hurricane eclipse  
Of the sun!

Again! again! again!  
And the havoc did not slack,  
Till a feeble cheer the Dane  
To our cheering sent us back;—  
Their shots along the deep slowly boom;  
Then ceased—and all is wail,  
As they strike the shatter'd sail;  
Or, in conflagration pale,  
Light the gloom!

Out spoke the victor then,  
As he hail'd them o'er the wave,  
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!  
And we conquer but to save!  
So peace, instead of death, let us bring:  
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,  
With the crews, at England's feet,  
And make submission meet  
To our King."

Then Denmark bless'd our chief,  
That he gave her wounds repose;  
And the sounds of joy and grief  
From her people wildly rose,  
As death withdrew his shades from the day:  
While the sun look'd smiling bright  
O'er a wide and woful sight,  
Where the fires of funeral light  
Died away.

Now joy, Old England, raise!  
For the tidings of thy might,  
By the festal cities' blaze,  
While the wine-cup shines in light—  
And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,

Let us think of them that sleep,  
 Full many a fathom deep,  
 By thy wild and stormy steep,  
 Elsinore !

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride  
 Once so faithful and so true,  
 On the deck of fame that died,  
 With the gallant good Riou !  
 Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave !  
 While the billow mournful rolls,  
 And the mermaid's song condoles,  
 Singing glory to the souls  
 Of the brave !

*Thomas Campbell, "Poetical Works".*

LIV

THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON THE SUBJUGA-  
 TION OF SWITZERLAND

*(From "Sonnets dedicated to Liberty")*

(1802)

Two voices are there ; one is of the sea,  
 One of the mountains ; each a mighty voice :  
 In both from age to age thou didst rejoice.  
 They were thy chosen music, liberty !  
 There came a tyrant, and with holy glee  
 Thou fought'st against him ; but hast vainly striven.  
 Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,  
 Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.

Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft ;  
 Then cleave, oh, cleave to that which still is left ;  
 For, high-souled maid, what sorrow would it be  
 That mountain floods should thunder as before,  
 And ocean bellow from his rocky shore,  
 And neither awful voice be heard by thee !

*William Wordsworth, "Poetical Works".*

LV

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

(1805)

Our bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lower'd,  
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;  
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,  
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,  
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,  
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,  
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array  
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track:  
'Twas Autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way  
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft,  
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;  
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,  
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore  
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;  
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,  
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us,—rest; thou art weary and worn;  
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;—  
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,  
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

*Thomas Campbell, "Poetical Works".*

LVI

TRAFALGAR

(21 OCTOBER, 1805)

Heard ye the thunder of battle  
Low in the South and afar?  
Saw ye the flash of the death-cloud  
Crimson o'er Trafalgar?

Such another day never  
 England will look on again,  
 When the battle fought was the hottest,  
 And the hero of heroes was slain !

For the fleet of France and the force of Spain were gather'd  
 for fight,  
 A greater than Philip their lord, a new Armada in might :—  
 And the sails were aloft once more in the deep Gaditanian  
 bay,  
 Where *Redoubtable* and *Bucentaure* and great *Trinidad*  
 lay,  
 Eager-reluctant to close ; for across the bloodshed to be  
 Two navies beheld one prize in its glory,—the throne of the  
 sea !  
 Which were bravest, who should tell ? for both were gallant  
 and true ;  
 But the greatest seaman was ours, of all that sail'd o'er  
 the blue.

From Cadiz the enemy sallied : they knew not Nelson was  
 there ;  
 His name a navy to us, but to them a flag of despair.  
 From Ayamonte to Algeziras he guarded the coast,  
 Till he bore from Tavira south ; and they now must fight,  
 or be lost ;—  
 Vainly they steer'd for the Rock and the Midland sheltering  
 sea,  
 For he headed the Admirals round, constraining them under  
 his lee,  
 Villeneuve of France, and Gravina of Spain, so they shifted  
 their ground,  
 They could choose, they were more than we ;—and they  
 faced at Trafalgar round ;  
 Banking their fleet two deep, a fortress-wall thirty-tower'd ;  
 In the midst, four-storied with guns, the dark *Trinidad*  
 lower'd.

So with those.—But meanwhile, as against some dyke that  
 men massively rear,  
 From on high the torrent surges, to drive through the dyke  
 as a spear,

Eagle-eyed e'en in his blindness, our chief sets his double  
array,  
Making the fleet two spears, to thrust at the foe, any  
way, . . .

"Anyhow!—without orders, each captain his Frenchman  
may grapple perforce :

Collingwood first" (yet the *Victory* ne'er a whit slacken'd  
her course)

"Signal for action! Farewell! we shall win, but we meet  
not again!"

Then a low thunder of readiness ran from the decks o'er  
the main,

And on,—as the message from masthead to masthead flew  
out like a flame,

"ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY"—they  
came.

Silent they come:—While the thirty black forts of the  
foemen's array

Clothe them in billowy snow, tier spreading o'er tier as  
they lay;

Flashes that came and went, as swords when the battle is  
rife;

But ours stood frowningly smiling, and ready for death as  
for life.

O in that interval grim, ere the furies of slaughter em-  
brace,

Thrills o'er each man some far echo of England; some  
glance of some face!

—Faces gazing seaward through tears from the ocean-girt  
shore;

Features that ne'er can be gazed on again till the death  
pang is o'er. . . .

Lone in his cabin the Admiral kneeling, and all his great  
heart

As a child's to the mother, goes forth to the loved one, who  
bade him depart;

O not for death but glory! her smile would welcome him  
home!

Louder and thicker the thunderbolts fall—and silent they  
come.



As when beyond Dongola the lion whom hunters attack,  
Stung by their darts from afar, leaps in, dividing them  
back;

So between Spaniard and Frenchman the *Victory* wedged  
with a shout,

Gun against gun; a cloud from her decks, and lightning  
went out;

Iron hailing of pitiless death from the sulphury smoke;  
Voices hoarse and parch'd, and blood from invisible stroke.  
Each man stood to his work, though his mates fell smitten  
around,

As an oak of the wood, while his fellow, flame-shattered,  
besplinters the ground:—

Gluttons of danger for England, but sparing the foe as he lay;  
For the spirit of Nelson was on them, and each was Nelson  
that day.

"She has struck!" he shouted; "she burns, the *Redoubt-  
able!* Save whom we can,

Silence our guns:" for in him the woman was great in the  
man,

In that heroic heart each drop girl-gentle and pure,  
Dying by those he spared: and now Death's triumph was  
sure!

From the deck the smoke-wreath clear'd, and the foe set  
his rifle in rest,

Dastardly aiming, where Nelson stood forth with the stars  
on his breast,—

"In honour I gain'd them, in honour I die with them."  
Then in his place

Fell. . . "Hardy! 'tis over; but let them not know:"  
and he cover'd his face.

Silent, the whole fleet's darling they bore to the twilight  
below;

And above the war-thunder came shouting, as foe struck  
his flag after foe.

To his heart death rose; and for Hardy, the faithful, he  
cried in his pain—

"How goes the day with us, Hardy?"—"Tis ours." Then  
he knew, not in vain

Not in vain for his comrades and England he bled: how he  
left he secure,

Queen of her own blue seas, while his name and example endure.

O, like a lover he loved her!—for her as water he pours  
Life-blood and life and love, given all for her sake and for  
ours!

“Kiss me, Hardy!—Thank God!—I have done my duty!”  
and then

Fled that heroic soul, and left not his like among men.

Hear ye the heart of a nation

Groan, for her saviour is gone;

Gallant and true and tender,

Child and chieftain in one?

Such another day never

England will weep for again,

When the triumph darken'd the triumph,

And the hero of heroes was slain.

*Francis Turner Palgrave, “The Visions of England”.*

## LVII

## THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

(16 JANUARY, 1809)

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,

As his corse to the rampart we hurried;

Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot

O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,

The sods with our bayonets turning;

By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,

And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,

Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;

But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,

With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,

And we spoke not a word of sorrow;

But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,

And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,  
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow,  
 That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,  
 And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,  
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—  
 But little he'll reckon, if they let him sleep on  
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,  
 When the clock struck the hour for retiring :  
 And we heard the distant and random gun  
 That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;  
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—  
 But we left him alone with his glory.

*Charles Wolfe, "Remains".*

#### LVIII

### INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

(1809)

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon :  
 A mile or so away  
 On a little mound, Napoleon  
 Stood on our storming-day ;  
 With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,  
 Legs wide, arms locked behind,  
 As if to balance the prone brow  
 Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused " My plans  
 That soar, to earth may fall,  
 Let once my army-leader Lannes  
 Waver at yonder wall,"—

Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew  
 A rider, bound on bound  
 Full-galloping ; nor bridle drew  
 Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,  
 And held himself erect  
 By just his horse's mane, a boy :  
 You hardly could suspect—  
 (So tight he kept his lips compressed,  
 Scarce any blood came thro')—  
 You looked twice ere you saw his breast  
 Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace  
 We've got you Ratisbon !  
 The Marshal's in the market-place,  
 And you'll be there anon  
 To see your flag-bird flap his vans  
 Where I, to heart's desire,  
 Perched him ! " The Chief's eye flashed ; his plans  
 Soared up again like fire.

The Chief's eye flashed ; but presently .  
 Softened itself, as sheathes  
 A film the mother eagle's eye  
 When her bruised eaglet breathes :  
 "You're wounded ! " "Nay," his soldier's pride  
 Touched to the quick, he said :  
 "I'm killed, Sire ! " And, his Chief beside,  
 Smiling the boy fell dead.

*Robert Browning, "Dramatic Romances and Lyrics".*

## LIX

## THE MAMELUKE CHARGE

Let the Arab courser go  
 Headlong on the silent foe ;  
 Their plumes may shine like mountain snow,  
 Like fire their iron tubes may glow,

Their cannon death on death may throw,  
Their pomp, their pride, their strength, we know,  
But—let the Arab courser go.

The Arab horse is free and bold,  
His blood is noble from of old,  
Through dams, and sires, many a one,  
Up to the steed of Solomon.  
He needs no spur to rouse his ire,  
His limbs of beauty never tire ;  
Then, give the Arab horse the rein,  
And their dark squares will close in vain.  
Though loud the death-shot peal, and louder,  
He will only neigh the prouder ;  
Though nigh the death-flash glare, and nigher,  
He will face the storm of fire ;  
He will leap the mound of slain,  
Only let him have the rein.  
The Arab horse will not shrink back,  
Though death confront him in his track ;  
The Arab horse will not shrink back,  
And shall his rider's arm be slack ?  
No !—By the God who gave us life,  
Our souls are ready for the strife.  
We need no serried lines, to show  
A gallant bearing to the foe.  
We need no trumpet to awake  
The thirst, which blood alone can slake.  
What is it that can stop our course,  
Free riders of the Arab horse ?  
Go—brave the desert wind of fire ;  
Go—beard the lightning's look of ire ;  
Drive back the ravening flames, which leap  
In thunder from the mountain steep ;  
But dream not, men of fifes and drums,  
To stop the Arab when he comes ;  
Not tides of fire, not walls of rock,  
Could shield you from that earthquake shock.  
Come, brethren, come, too long we stay,  
The shades of night have rolled away,

Too fast the golden moments fleet,  
 Charge, ere another pulse has beat;  
 Charge—like the tiger on the fawn,  
 Before another breath is drawn.

*Sir Francis Hastings Doyle, "The Return  
 of the Guards".*

LX

THE FIELD OF WATERLOO

*(From "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," Canto III.)*

(18 JUNE, 1815)

Stop!—for thy tread is on an Empire's dust!  
 An earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below!  
 Is the spot mark'd with no colossal bust?  
 Nor column trophied for triumphal show?  
 None: but the moral's truth tells simpler so.  
 As the ground was before, thus let it be;—  
 How that red rain hath made the harvest grow!  
 And is this all the world has gain'd by thee,  
 Thou first and last of fields! king-making Victory?

\* \* \* \* \*

There was a sound of revelry by night,  
 And Belgium's capital had gather'd then  
 Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright  
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;  
 A thousand hearts beat happily; and when  
 Music arose, with its voluptuous swell,  
 Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,  
 And all went merry as a marriage-bell;—  
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!  
 Did ye not hear it? No; 'twas but the wind,  
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street:  
 On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;  
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet  
 To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—  
 But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,  
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat;  
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!  
 Arm! arm! it is!—it is!—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a window'd niche of that high hall  
 Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear  
 That sound the first amidst the festival,  
 And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;  
 And, when they smiled because he decin'd it near,  
 His heart more truly knew that peal too well  
 Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,  
 And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell;  
 He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,  
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago  
 Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;  
 And there were sudden partings, such as press  
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs  
 Which ne'er might be repeated! Who could guess  
 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,  
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,  
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,  
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;  
 And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar;  
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum  
 Roused up the soldier, ere the morning star;  
 While throug'd the citizens with terror dumb,  
 Or whispering with white lips—"The foe! they come, the  
 come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose—  
 The war note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills  
 Have heard—and heard, too, have her Saxon foes—  
 How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,  
 Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills  
 Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers  
 With the fierce native daring which instils  
 The stirring memory of a thousand years;  
 And Evan's, Donald's, fame rings in each clansman's ears

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,  
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,  
 Grieving—if aught inanimate e'er grieves—  
 Over the unreturning brave—alas !  
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,  
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow  
 In its next verdure ; when this fiery mass  
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe,  
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low !

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,  
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay ;  
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife ;  
 The morn the marshalling in arms ; the day  
 Battle's magnificently-stern array !  
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,  
 The earth is cover'd thick with other clay  
 Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,  
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent !

*Lord Byron, " Poetical Works ".*

## LXI

## THE ISLES OF GREECE

*(From " Don Juan," Canto III.)*

The isles of Greece ! the isles of Greece !  
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,—  
 Where grew the arts of war and peace,  
 Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung !  
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,—  
 But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,  
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,  
 Have found the fame your shores refuse :  
 Their place of birth alone is mute  
 To sounds that echo further west  
 Than your sires' " Islands of the Blest ".



The mountains look on Marathon,  
 And Marathon looks on the sea :  
 And, musing there an hour alone,  
 I dream'd that Greece might still be free ;  
 For, standing on the Persian's grave,  
 I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow  
 That looks o'er sea-born Salamis,  
 And ships by thousands lay below,  
 And men in nations ;—all were his !  
 He counted them at break of day,  
 And when the sun set where were they ?

And where are they ? and where art thou,  
 My country ? On thy voiceless shore  
 The heroic lay is tuneless now—  
 'The heroic bosom beats no more !  
 And must thy lyre, so long divine,  
 Degenerate into hands like mine ?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,  
 Though link'd among a fetter'd race,  
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,  
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face ;  
 For what is left the poet here ?  
 For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest ?  
 Must *we* but blush ?—Our fathers' blood  
 Earth ! render back from out thy breast  
 A remnant of our Spartan dead !  
 Of the three hundred grant but three,  
 To make a new Thermopylæ !

What ! silent still ? and silent all ?  
 Ah ! no ;—the voices of the dead  
 Sound like a distant torrent's fall,  
 And answer, " Let one living head,  
 But one, arise—we come, we come !"  
 'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain ; strike other chords ;  
Fill high the cup with Samian wine !  
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,  
And shed the blood of Scio's vine !  
Hark ! rising to the ignoble call,  
How answers each bold Bacchanal !

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet—  
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone ?  
Of two such lessons, why forget  
The nobler and the manlier one ?  
You have the letters Cadmus gave—  
Think ye he meant them for a slave ?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !  
We will not think of themes like these !  
It made Anacreon's song divine :  
He served—but served Polycrates—  
A tyrant ; but our masters then  
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese  
Was freedom's best and bravest friend ;  
*That* tyrant was Miltiades !  
Oh ! that the present hour would lend  
Another despot of the kind !  
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !  
On Suli's rock and Parga's shore  
Exists the remnant of a line  
Such as the Doric mothers bore ;  
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown  
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—  
They have a king who buys and sells ;  
In native swords, and native ranks,  
The only hope of courage dwells :  
But Turkish force and Latin fraud  
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !  
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—  
I see their glorious black eyes shine :  
But, gazing on each glowing maid,  
My own the burning tear-drop laves,  
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,  
Where nothing, save the waves and I,  
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep :  
There, swan-like, let me sing and die :  
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—  
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine.

*Lord Byron, "Poetical Works"*

## VIII

### THE FIELDS OF THE CRIMEA

*The peace, that I deem'd no peace is over and done,  
And now by the side of the Black and the Baltic deep,  
And deathful grinning mouths of the fortress, flame  
The blood-red blossom of war with a heart of fire.*

*Lord Tennyson, "Maud".*

*The trumpet, the gallop, the charge, and the might of the  
fight!"*

*Lord Tennyson, "The Charge of the Heavy Brigade at Balaclava".*

*Tell the great tidings, they went forth that day  
A Legion, and came back from victory  
Two hundred men and glory!*

*Sydney Dobell, "Cavalry Charge at Balaclava."*

## LXII

### ALMA

*(From "Poems Written During the Russian War")*

*(20 SEPTEMBER, 1854)*

Though till now ungraced in story, scant although thy  
waters be,  
Alma, roll those waters proudly, proudly roll them to the  
sea.

Yesterday, unnamed, unhonoured, but to wandering Tartar  
known,  
Now thou art a voice for ever, to the world's four corners  
blown.

In two nations' annals graven, thou art now a deathless  
name,  
And a star for ever shining in their firmament of fame.

Many a great and ancient river, crowned with city, tower,  
and shrine,  
Little streamlet, knows no magic, boasts no potency like  
thine ;

Cannot shed the light thou sheddest around many a living  
head,  
Cannot lend the light thou lendest to the memories of the  
dead.

Yea, nor all unsoothed their sorrow, who can, proudly  
mourning, say—  
When the first strong burst of anguish shall have wept  
itself away—

"He has passed from us, the loved one ; but he sleeps with  
them that died  
By the Alma, at the winning of that terrible hill-side."

Yes, in the days far onward, when we all are calm as  
those,  
Who beneath thy vines and willows on their hero-beds  
repose,

Thou on England's banners blazoned with the famous fields  
of old,  
Shalt, where other fields are winning, wave above the brave  
and bold :

And our sons unborn shall nerve them for some great deed  
to be done,  
By that twentieth of September, when the Alma's heights  
were won.

O thou river ! dear for ever to the gallant, to the free,  
Alma, roll thy waters proudly, proudly roll them to the  
sea.

*Richard Chevenix Trench, "Poems".*

## LXIII

## THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

*(From "Maud," and other Poems)*

(25 OCTOBER, 1854)

Half a league, half a league,  
Half a league onward,  
All in the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.  
"Forward, the Light Brigade !  
Charge for the guns ! " he said :  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade !"  
Was there a man dismay'd ?  
Not tho' the soldier knew  
Some one had blunder'd :  
Their's not to make reply,  
Their's not to reason why,  
Their's but to do and die :  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon in front of them  
Volley'd and thunder'd ;  
Storm'd at with shot and shell,  
Boldly they rode and well ;  
Into the jaws of Death,  
Into the mouth of Hell  
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,  
Flash'd as they turn'd in air,  
Sabring the gunners there,  
Charging an army, while  
All the world wonder'd :

Plunged in the battery-smoke  
 Right thro' the line they broke ;  
 Cossack and Russian  
 Reel'd from the sabre-stroke  
 Shatter'd and sunder'd.  
 Then they rode back, but not,  
 Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
 Cannon to left of them,  
 Cannon behind them  
 Volley'd and thunder'd ;  
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,  
 While horse and hero fell,  
 They that had fought so well  
 Came thro' the jaws of Death  
 Back from the mouth of Hell,  
 All that was left of them,  
 Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade ?  
 O the wild charge they made !  
 All the world wonder'd.  
 Honour the charge they made !  
 Honour the Light Brigade,  
 Noble six hundred !

*Lord Tennyson, "Poetical Works".*

#### LXIV

### THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER AT INKERMANN

(1854)

'Twas Midnight ere our Guns' loud laugh at their wild work  
 did cease,  
 And by the smouldering fires of War we lit the pipe of  
 peace.  
 At Four, a burst of Bells went up through Night's Cathedral  
 dark,  
 It seemed so like our Sabbath Chimes, we could but wake,  
 and hark !

So like the Bells that call to prayer in the dear land far  
away ;

Their music floated on the air, and kissed us—to betray.

Our Camp lay on the rainy hill, all silent as a cloud,  
Its very heart of life stood still i' the Mist that brought its  
shroud ;

For Death was walking in the dark, and smiled His smile  
to see

How all was ranged and ready for a sumptuous jubilee.

O wily are the Russians, and they came up through the  
mirk—

Their feet all shod for silence in the best blood of the  
Turk !

While in its banks our fiery tide of War serenely slept,  
Their subtle serpentry unrolled, and up the hill-side  
crept.

In the Ruins of the Valley do the Birds of Carnage stir ?  
A creaking in the gloom like wheels ! feet trample—bullets  
whir—

By God ! the Foe is on us ! Now the Bugles with a start  
Thrill—like the cry of a wrongèd Queen—to the red roots  
of the heart ;

And long and loud the wild war-drums with throbbing  
triumph roll,—

A sound to set the blood on fire, and warm the shivering  
soul.

The war-worn and the weary leaped up ready, fresh, and  
true !

No weak blood curdled white i' the face, no valour turned  
to dew ;

Majestic as a God defied, arose our little Host—

All for the peak of peril pushed—each for the fieriest post !  
Thorough mist, and thorough mire, and o'er the hill-brow  
scowling grim,

As is the frown of Murder when he dreams his dreadful  
dream.

No Sun ! but none is needed,—Men can feel their way to  
fight,



Like the old Sea, white-lipped with rage, they dash and  
foam despair

On ranks of rock, and what a prize for the Wrecker Death  
was there!

But as 'twere River Pleasaunce, did our fellows take that  
flood,

A royal throbbing in the pulse that beat voluptuous blood :  
The Guards went down to the fight in gray that's growing  
gory red—

See! save them, they're surrounded! Leap your ramparts  
of the dead,

And back the desperate battle, for there is but one short  
stride

Between the Russ and victory! One more tug, you true  
and tried—

The Red-Caps crest the hill! with bloody spur, ride,  
Bosquet, ride!

Down like a flood from Etna foams their valour's burning  
tide.

Now, God for Merrie England cry! Hurrah for France the  
Grand,

And charge the foe together, all abreast, and hand to hand!  
He caught a shadowy glimpse across the smoke of Alma's  
fray

Of the Destroying Angel that shall blast his strength  
to-day.

We shout and charge together, and again, again, again,  
Our plunging battle tears its path, and paves it with the  
slain.

Hurrah! the mighty host doth melt before our fervent  
heat;

Against our side its breaking heart doth faint and fainter  
beat.

And O, but 'tis a gallant show, and a merry march, as thus  
We sound into the glorious goal with shouts victorious!

From morn till night, we fought our fight, and at the set  
of sun

Stood Conquerors on Inkermann—our Soldiers' Battle won.

That morn their legions stood like corn in its pomp of  
golden grain!

'That night the ruddy sheaves were reaped upon the misty  
plain!

We cut them down by thunder-strokes, and piled the  
shocks of slain:

The hill-side like a vintage ran, and reeled Death's harvest-  
wain.

We had hungry hundreds gone to sup in Paradise that  
night,

And robes of immortality our ragged Braves bedight!

'They fell in Boyhood's comely bloom, and Bravery's lusty  
pride!

But they made their bed o' the foemen dead, ere they lay  
down and died.

We gathered round the tent-fire in the evening cold and  
gray,

And thought of those who ranked with us in Battle's rough  
array,

Our Comrades of the morn who came no more from that  
fell fray!

The salt tears wring out in the gloom of green dells far  
away—

The eyes of lurking Death that in Life's crimson bubbles  
play—

The stern white faces of the Dead that on the dark ground  
lay

Like Statues of Old Heroes, cut in precious human clay—

Some with a smile as life had stopped to music proudly  
gay—

The household Gods of many a heart all dark and dumb  
to-day!

And hard hot eyes grew ripe for tears, and hearts sank  
down to pray.

From alien lands, and dungeon-grates, how eyes will strain  
to mark

This waving Sword of Freedom burn and beckon through  
the dark!

The Martyrs stir in their red graves, the rusted armour rings

Adown the long aisles of the dead, where lie the warrior  
Kings.

To the proud Mother England came the radiant Victory  
With Laurels red, and a bitter cup like some last agony.  
She took the cup, she drank it up, she raised her laurelled  
brow :

Her sorrow seemed like solemn joy, she looked so noble  
now.

The dim divine of distance died—the purpled Past grew  
wan,

As came that crowning Glory o'er the heights of Inker-  
mann.

*Gerald Massey, "My Lyrical Life," Vol. II.*

## LXV

## SANTA FILOMENA

*(From "Birds of Passage. Flight the First")*

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,  
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,  
Our hearts, in glad surprise,  
To higher levels rise.

The tidal waves of deeper souls  
Into our inmost being rolls,  
And lifts us unawares  
Out of all meaner cares.

Honour to those whose words or deeds  
Thus help us in our daily needs,  
And by their overflow  
Raise us from what is low !

Thus thought I, as by night I read  
Of the great army of the dead,  
The trenches cold and damp,  
The starved and frozen camp,—

The wounded from the battle-plain,  
In dreary hospitals of pain,  
The cheerless corridors,  
The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery  
A lady with a lamp I see  
    Pass through the glimmering gloom,  
    And sit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,  
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss  
    Her shadow as it falls  
    Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be  
Opened and then closed suddenly,  
    The vision came and went,  
    The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long  
Hereafter of her speech and song,  
    That light its rays shall cast  
    From portals of the past.

A lady with a lamp shall stand  
In the great history of the land,  
    A noble type of good,  
    *Heroic womanhood.*

Nor even shall he wanting here  
The palm, the lily, and the spear,  
    The symbols that of yore  
    Saint Filomena bore.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, "Poetical Works".*

## IX

### "UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVERMORE"

(From "Songs in Many Keys" II.)

*Flag of the heroes who left us their glory,  
Borne through their battlefields' thunder and flame,  
Blazoned in song and illumined in story,  
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame!  
Up with our banner bright,  
Sprinkled with starry light,  
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,  
While through the sounding sky  
Howl rings the Nation's cry,—  
UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVERMORE.*

*Light of our firmament, guide of our Nation,  
Pride of her children, and honoured afar,  
Let thy wide beams of thy full constellation  
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star!  
Up with our banner bright, etc.*

*Empire unscotred! what foe shall assail thee,  
Bearing the standard of Liberty's van?  
Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee,  
Striving with men for the birthright of man.  
Up with our banner bright, etc.*

*Yet if, by madness and treachery blighted,  
Dawns the dark hour when thy sword thou must draw,  
Then with the arms of thy millions united,  
Smite the bold traitors to Freedom and Law!  
Up with our banner bright, etc.*

*Lord of the Universe! shield us and guide us,  
Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun!  
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?*

*Keep us, O keep us the MANY IN ONE!*

*Up with our banner bright,  
Sprinkled with starry light,  
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,  
While through the sounding sky  
Loud rings the Nation's cry.—*

UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVERMORE.

*Oliver Wendell Holmes, "Poetical Works".*

# LXVI

## HOW OLD BROWN TOOK HARPER'S FERRY

(16 OCTOBER, 1859)

John Brown in Kansas settled, like a steadfast Yankee  
farmer,

Brave and godly, with four sons, all stalwart men of  
might.

There he spoke aloud for freedom, and the Border-strife  
grew warmer,

Till the Rangers fired his dwelling, in his absence, in  
the night;

And Old Brown,

Osawatomie Brown,

Came homeward in the morning—to find his house burn'd  
down.

Then he grasp'd his trusty rifle and boldly fought for  
freedom;

Smote from border unto border the fierce, invading band;  
And he and his brave boys vow'd—so might Heaven help  
and speed 'em!—

They would save those grand old prairies from the curse  
that blights the land;

And Old Brown,

Osawatomie Brown,

Said, "Boys, the Lord will aid us!" and he shoved his  
ramrod down.

And the Lord *did* aid these men, and they labour'd day  
and even,  
Saving Kansas from its peril ; and their very lives seem'd  
charin'd,  
Till the ruffians kill'd one son, in the blessed light of  
Heaven,—  
In cold blood the fellows slew him, as he journey'd all  
unarm'd ;

Then Old Brown,  
Osawatomic Brown,  
Shed not a tear, but shut his teeth, and frown'd a terrible  
frown !

Then they seized another brave boy,—not amid the heat of  
battle,  
But in peace, behind his ploughshare,—and they loaded  
him with chains,  
And with pikes, before their horses, even as they goad  
their cattle,  
Drove him cruelly, for their sport, and at last blew out  
his brains ;

Then Old Brown,  
Osawatomic Brown,  
Raised his right hand up to Heaven, calling Heaven's  
vengeance down.

And he swore a fearful oath, by the name of the Almighty,  
He would hunt this ravening evil that had scathed and  
torn him so ;  
He would seize it by the vitals ; he would crush it day and  
night ; he  
Would so pursue its footsteps, so return it blow for blow,  
That Old Brown,  
Osawatomic Brown,  
Should be a name to swear by, in backwoods or in town !

Then his beard became more grizzled, and his wild blue  
eye grew wilder,  
And more sharply curved his hawk's-nose, snuffing battle  
from afar ;

And he and the two boys left, though the Kansas strife  
 wax'd milder,  
 Grew more sullen, till was over the bloody Border War  
 And Old Brown,  
 Osawatomie Brown,  
 Had gone crazy, as they reckon'd by his fearful glare and  
 frown.

So he left the plains of Kansas and their bitter woes  
 behind him,

Slipt off into Virginia, where the statesmen all are born  
 Hired a farm by Harper's Ferry, and no one knew when  
 to find him,

Or whether he'd turn'd parson, or was jacketed and short  
 For Old Brown,  
 Osawatomie Brown,

Mad as he was, knew texts enough to wear a parson's gown

He bought no ploughs and harrows, spades and shovels,  
 and such trifles ;

But quietly to his rancho there came, by every train,  
 Boxes full of pikes and pistols, and his well-beloved Sharp's  
 rifles ;

And eighteen other madmen join'd their leader there  
 again.

Says Old Brown,  
 Osawatomie Brown,

"Boys ! we've got an army large enough to march and take  
 the town.

"Take the town, and seize the muskets, free the negroes  
 and then arm them ;

Carry the County and the State, ay ! and all the potent  
 South.

On their own heads be the slaughter, if their victims rise  
 to harm them—

These Virginians ! who believed not, nor would heed the  
 warning mouth !"

Says Old Brown,  
 Osawatomie Brown,

"The world shall see a Republic, or my name is not John  
 Brown !"



'Twas the sixteenth of October, on the evening of a Sunday :

"This good work"—declared the captain—"shall be on a holy night!"—

It was on a Sunday evening, and before the noon of Monday,

With two sons, and Captain Stephens, fifteen privates—  
black and white,

Captain Brown,

Osawatomie Brown,

March'd across the bridged Potomac, and knock'd the sentry down ;

Took the guarded armoury-building, and the muskets and the cannon ;

Captured all the county majors and the colonels, one by one ;

Scared to death each gallant scion of Virginia they ran on,  
And before the noon of Monday, I say, the deed was done.

Mad Old Brown,

Osawatomie Brown,

With his eighteen other crazy men, went in and took the town.

Very little noise and bluster, little smell of powder made he ;

It was all done in the midnight, like the Emperor's *coup d'état*.

"Cut the wires! Stop the rail-cars! Hold the streets and bridges!" said he ;

Then declared the new Republic, with himself for guiding star :—

This Old Brown,

Osawatomie Brown ;

And the bold two thousand citizens ran off and left the town.

Then was riding and railroading and expressing here and thither ;

And the Martinsburg Sharpshooters and the Charlestown Volunteers

108 HOW OLD BROWN TOOK HARPER'S FERRY

And the Shepherdstown and Winchester Militia hasten'd  
whither

Old Brown was said to muster his ten thousand grenadiers.

General Brown !

Osawatonic Brown ! !

Behind whose rampant banner all the North was pouring  
down.

But at last, 'tis said, some prisoners escaped from 'Old  
Brown's duranee,

And the effervescent valour of the Chivalry broke out,  
When they learn'd that nineteen madmen had the mar-  
vellous assurance—

Only nineteen—thus to seize the place and drive them  
straight about ;

And Old Brown,

Osawatonic Brown,

Found an army come to take him, encamp'd around the  
town.

But to storm, with all the forces I have mention'd, was  
too risky ;

So they hurried off to Richmond for the Government  
Marines,

Tore them from their weeping matrons, fired their souls  
with Bourbon whiskey,

Till they batter'd down Brown's Castle with their ladders  
and machines ;

And Old Brown,

Osawatonic Brown,

Received three bayonet stabs, and a cut on his brave old  
crown.

Tally ho ! the old Virginia gentry gather to the baying !

In they rush'd and kill'd the game, shooting lustily away ;  
And, whene'er they slew a rebel, those who came too late  
for slaying,

Not to lose a share of glory, fired their bullets in his clay ;

And Old Brown,

Osawatonic Brown,

Saw his sons fall dead beside him, and between them laid  
him down.

How the conquerors wore their laurels ; how they hasten'd  
on the trial ;

How Old Brown was placed, half-dying, on the Charles-  
town court-house floor ;

How he spoke his grand oration, in the scorn of all denial ;  
What the brave old madman told them,—these are  
known the country o'er.

“ Hang Old Brown,  
Osawatomie Brown ! ”

Said the judge—“ and all such rebels ! ” with his most  
judicial frown.

But, Virginians ! don't do it ! for I tell you that the flagon,  
Filled with blood of Old Brown's offspring, was first  
pour'd by Southern hands ;

And each drop from Old Brown's life-veins, like the red  
gore of the dragon,

May spring up a vengeful Fury, hissing through your  
slave-worn lands !

And Old Brown,  
Osawatomie Brown,

May trouble you more than ever, when you've nail'd his  
coffin down !

*Edmund Clarence Stedman.*

# LXVII

## BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

(1861)

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord :  
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath  
are stored :

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift  
sword :

His truth is marching on.

Glory ! glory, hallelujah !  
Glory ! glory ! glory, hallelujah !  
Glory ! glory, hallelujah !  
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling  
camps :  
Thèy have builded Him an altar in the evening dew and  
damps :  
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring  
lamps :  
His day is marching on.

Glory ! glory, hallelujah !  
Glory ! glory ! glory, hallelujah !  
Glory ! glory, hallelujah !  
His truth is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnish'd rows of steel :  
As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace  
shall deal :  
Let the hero born of woman crush the serpent with his  
heel !  
Since God is marching on.

Glory ! glory, hallelujah !  
Glory ! glory ! glory, hallelujah !  
Glory ! glory, hallelujah !  
His truth is marching on.

He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call  
retreat ;  
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment  
seat :  
O, be swift, my soul ! to answer Him ; be jubilant, my  
feet !  
Our God is marching on.

Glory ! glory, hallelujah !  
Glory ! glory ! glory, hallelujah !  
Glory ! glory, hallelujah !  
His truth is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born, across the sea,  
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me ;  
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men  
free !  
While God is marching on.

Glory ! glory, hallelujah !  
Glory ! glory ! glory, hallelujah !  
Glory ! glory, hallelujah !  
His truth is marching on.

*Julia Ward Howe.*

## LXVIII

## BARBARA FRIETCHIE

*(From " In War Time ")*

*(1862)*

Up from the meadows rich with corn,  
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand  
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,  
Apple and peach-tree fruited deep,—

Fair as a garden of the Lord  
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde ;

On that pleasant morn of the early fall,  
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,—

Over the mountains winding down,  
Horse and foot, into Frederick Town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,  
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind : the sun  
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,  
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten ;

Bravest of all in Frederick Town,  
She took up the flag the men hauled down ;

In her attic window the staff she set,  
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,  
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right  
He glanced : the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.  
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash,  
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,  
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf,

She leaned far out on the window-sill,  
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,  
But spare your country's flag!" she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,  
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred  
To life at that woman's deed and word.

"Who touches a hair of yon grey head,  
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick Street  
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that free flag tossed  
Over the heads of the rebel-host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell  
On the loyal winds that loved it well:

And through the hill-gaps, sunset light  
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,  
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honour to her!—and let a tear  
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietehie's grave  
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace, and order, and beauty draw  
Round thy symbol of light and law:

And ever the stars above look down  
On thy stars below in Frederick Town!

*John Greenleaf Whittier, "Poetical Works".*

## LXIX

## A SIGHT IN CAMP

A sight in camp in the daybreak grey and dim,  
As from my tent I emerge so early sleepless,  
As slow I walk in the cool fresh air the path near by the  
hospital tent!

Three forms I see on stretchers lying, brought out there,  
untended lying,  
Over each the blanket spread, ample brownish woollen  
blanket,  
Grey and heavy blanket, folding, covering all.

Curious I halt and silent stand,  
Then with light fingers I from the face of the nearest,  
the first, just lift the blanket;  
Who are you elderly man so gaunt and grim, with well-  
grey'd hair, and flesh all sunken about the eyes?  
Who are you, my dear comrade?

Then to the second I step—and who are you, my child  
and darling?  
Who are, you sweet boy, with cheeks yet blooming?

Then to the third—a face nor child nor old, very calm,  
as of beautiful yellow-white ivory;  
Young man, I think I know you—I think this face is the  
face of the Christ himself,  
Dead and divine and brother of all, and here again he lies.

*Walt Whitman, "Leaves of Grass".*

The moon gives you light,  
And the bugles and the drums give you music,  
And my heart, O my soldiers, my veterans,  
My heart gives you love.

Walt Whitman, "Leaves of Grass".

## LXXI

## BIVOUAC ON A MOUNTAIN SIDE

I see before me now a travelling army halting,  
Below a fertile valley spread, with barns and the orchards  
of summer,  
Behind, the terraced sides of a mountain, abrupt, in places  
rising high,  
Broken, with rocks, with clinging cedars, with tall shapes  
dingily seen,  
The numerous camp-fires scatter'd near and far, some  
away up on the mountain,  
The shadowy forms of men and horses, looming, large-  
sized, flickering,  
And over all the sky—the sky! far, far out of reach,  
studded, breaking out, the eternal stars.

Walt Whitman, "Leaves of Grass".

## LXXII

## JOHN BURNS OF GETTYSBURG

(1-3 JULY, 1863)

Have you heard the story that gossips tell  
Of Burns of Gettysburg?—No? Ah, well!  
Brief is the glory that hero earns,  
Briefer the story of poor John Burns:  
He was the fellow who won renown,—  
The only man who didn't back down  
When the rebels rode through his native town,  
But held his own in the fight next day,  
When all his townfolk ran away.



That was in July, sixty-three,  
The very day that General Lee,  
Flower of Southern chivalry,  
Baffled and heaten, backward reeled  
From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.

I might tell how, but the day before,  
John Burns stood at his cottage door,  
Looking down the village street,  
Where, in the shade of his peaceful vine,  
He heard the low of his gathered kine,  
And felt their hreath with incense sweet.  
Or I might say when the sunset hurned  
The old farm gable, he thought it turned  
The milk, that fell in a babbling flood  
Into the milk-pail, red as blood!  
Or how he fancied the hum of bees  
Was bullets buzzing among the trees.  
But all such fanciful thoughts as these  
Were strange to a practical man like Burns,  
Who minded only his own concerns,  
Troubled no more by fancies fine  
Than one of his calm-eyed, long-tailed kine,—  
Quite old-fashioned and matter-of-fact,  
Slow to argue, but quick to act.  
That was the reason, some folk say,  
He fought so well on that terrible day.

And it was terrible. On the right  
Raged for hours the heady fight,  
Thundered the battery's double bass,—  
Difficult music for men to face;  
While on the left—where now the graves  
Undulate like the living waves  
That all that day unceasing swept  
Up to the pits the rebels kept—  
Round shot ploughed the upland glades,  
Sown with bullets, reaped with blades;  
Shattered fences here and there  
Tossed their splinters in the air;  
The very trees were stripped and bare;

The barns that once held yellow grain  
Were heaped with harvests of the slain ;  
The cattle bellowed on the plain,  
The turkeys screamed with might and main,  
And brooding barn-fowl left their rest  
With strange shells bursting in each nest.

Just where the tide of battle turns,  
Erect and lonely stood old John Burns.  
How do you think the man was dressed ?  
He wore an ancient long buff vest,  
Yellow as saffron,—but his best ;  
And buttoned over his manly breast  
Was a bright blue coat, with a rolling collar,  
And large gilt buttons,—size of a dollar,—  
With tails that the country-folk called “swaller”.  
He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat,  
White as the locks on which it sat.  
Never had such a sight been seen  
For forty years on the village green,  
Since old John Burns was a country beau,  
And went to the “quiltings” long ago.

Close to his elbows all that day,  
Veterans of the Peninsula,  
Sunburnt and bearded, charged away ;  
And striplings, downy of lip and chin,—  
Clerks that the Home Guard mustered in,—  
Glanced, as they passed, at the hat he wore,  
Then at the rifle his right hand bore ;  
And hailed him, from out their youthful lore,  
With scraps of a slangy *répertoire* :  
“How are you, White Hat?” “Put her through!”  
“Your head’s level,” and “Bully for you!”  
Called him “Daddy,”—begged he’d disclose  
The name of the tailor who made his clothes,  
And what was the value he set on those ;  
While Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff,  
Stood there picking the rebels off,—  
With his long brown rifle, and bell-crowned hat,  
And the swallow-tails they were laughing at.

Far, far behind him, mountains blue  
In shadowy distance melt ;  
And, far beyond, the dark woods grew  
Where his forefathers dwelt !  
No breathing sound was in the air,  
As, leaning on his bow,  
A lone and weary pilgrim there,  
He murmured stern and low ;

“ Far by Ohio's mighty river,  
Bright star, I've worshipped thee !  
My native stream—its bosom never  
The Red Man more may see ;  
The Pale-face rears his wigwam  
Where our Indian hunters roved ;  
His hatchet fells the forest fair  
Our Indian maidens loved.

“ A thousand warriors bore in war  
The token of my sires ;  
On all the hills were seen afar  
Their blazing council-fires !  
The foeman heard their war-whoop shrill,  
And held his breath in fear,  
And in the wood, and on the hill,  
Their arrows pierced the deer.

“ Where are they now ?—the stranger's tread  
Is on their silent place !  
Yon fading light on me is shed,  
The last of all my race !  
Where are they now ?—In Summer's light,  
Go, seek the Winter's snow !  
Forgotten is our name and might,  
And broken is our bow !

“ The White Man came ; his bayonets gleam  
Where Sachems held their sway,  
And, like the shadow of a dream,  
Our tribe has passed away !

X

LATTERDAY FIELDS AND HEROES

*Let us now praise famous men.*

Ecclesiastious XLIV. i.

*The laugh is Death's.*

Alfred Noyes, "In Time of War".

*But yet the pity of it, Iago! O Iago, the pity of it, Iago.*

"Othello," iv. i.

LXXIV

BEFORE SEDAN

*(From "Old World Idylls")*

(1 SEPTEMBER, 1870)

Here, in this leafy place,  
Quiet he lies,  
Cold, with his sightless face  
Turned to the skies;  
'Tis but another dead,  
All you can say is said.

Carry his body hence,—  
Kings must have slaves;  
Kings climb to eminence  
Over men's graves;  
So this man's eye is dim;—  
Throw the earth over him.

What was the white you touched,  
 There, at his side?  
 Paper his hand had clutched  
 Tight ere he died ;—  
 Message or wish, may be ;—  
 Smooth the folds out and see.

Hardly the worst of us  
 Here could have smiled !—  
 Only the tremulous  
 Words of a child ;—  
 Prattle, that has for stops  
 Just a few ruddy drops.

Look. She is sad to miss,  
 Morning and night,  
 His—her dead father's—kiss ;  
 Tries to be bright,  
 Good to mamma, and sweet.  
 That is all. "Marguerite."

Ah, if beside the dead  
 Slumbered the pain !  
 Ah, if the hearts that bled  
 Slept with the slain !  
 If the grief died ;—But no ;—  
 Death will not have it so.

*Austin Dobson, "Collected Poems".*

## LXXV

## THE LAST REDOUBT

*(Russo-Turkish War)*

*(SEPTEMBER, 1877)*

Kacelyevo's slope still felt  
 The cannon's bolt and the rifle's pelt ;  
 For a last redoubt up the hill remained,  
 By the Russ yet held, by the Turk not gained.

Mehemet Ali stroked his beard ;  
His lips were clenched and his look was weird ;  
Round him were ranks of his ragged folk,  
Their faces blackened with blood and smoke.

"Clear me the Moscovite out !" he cried,  
Then the name of "Allah !" echoed wide,  
And the rifles were clutched and the bayonets lowered,  
And to the last redoubt they poured.

One fell, and a second quickly stopped  
The gap that he left when he reeled and dropped ;  
The second,—a third straight filled his place ;  
The third,—and a fourth kept up the race.

Many a sez in the mud was crushed,  
Many a throat that cheered was hushed,  
Many a heart that sought the crest  
Found Allah's throne and a houri's breast.

Over their corpses the living sprang,  
And the ridge with their musquet-rattle rang,  
Till the faces that lined the last redoubt  
Could see their faces and hear their shout.

In the redoubt a fair form towered,  
That cheered up the brave and chid the coward :  
Brandishing blade with a gallant air,  
His head erect and his temples bare.

"Fly ! they are on us !" his men implored ;  
But he waved them on with his waving sword,  
"It cannot be held ; 'tis no shame to go !"   
But he stood with his face set hard to the foe.

Then elong they about him and togg'd and knelt ;  
He drew a pistol from out his belt,  
And fired it blank at the first that set  
Foot on the edge of the parapet.

Over that first one toppled ; but on  
Clambered the rest till their bayonets shone,  
As hurriedly fled his men dismayed,  
Not a bayonet's length from the length of his blade.

"Yield!" But aloft his steel he flashed,  
And down on their steel it ringing clashed;  
Then back he reeled with a bladeless hilt,  
His honour full, but his life-blood spilt.

Mehemet Ali came and saw  
The riddled breast and the tender jaw.  
"Make him a bier of your arms," he said,  
"And daintily bury this dainty dead!"

They lifted him up from the dabbled ground;  
His limbs were shapely and soft and round.  
No down on his lip, on his cheek no shade;—  
"Bismillah!" they cried, "'tis an Infidel maid!"

"Dig her a grave where she stood and fell,  
'Gainst the jackal's scratch and the vulture's smell.  
Did the Muscovite men like their maidens fight,  
In their lines we had scarcely supped to-night."

So a deeper trench 'mong the trenches there  
Was dug, for the form as brave as fair;  
And none, till the Judgment trump and shout,  
Shall drive her out of the Last Redoubt.

*Alfred Austin, "Soliloquies in Song".*

#### LXXVI

### THE SAVING OF THE COLOURS

(22 JANUARY, 1879)

"For victory!—no, all hope is gone; for life!—let that go  
too;  
But for the Colours still work on—the chance is left with  
you.  
I know to share our death with us ye both desire to stay,  
But these are my last orders—Mount! and with them  
force your way."

On Coghill and on Melvill thus these last commands were  
laid;  
They left the Colonel where he stood, and without words  
obeyed.

In silence, then, that steadfast pair moved onward side by side,  
And, lifting with its staff the Flag, began their ghastly ride.

Watched through that wild and whirling fight, through wreaths of eddying smoke,  
Their horses ridden hard and straight, on those bold foemen broke ;  
Amid the dark lines plunging deep, their blades flashed back the light,  
And then, like divers in the sea, they both are hid from sight.

But now we know they died not there, for rising up once more,  
Through the rough battle-tide they beat, alive, though wounded sore ;  
The red drops fell like falling rain, but still their steeds were swift ;  
And hope is strong within them as they gallop for the Drift.

O'er grinning boulders guided safe, forced through fierce tufts of thorn,  
Then dashing like a torrent down the path by torrents worn ;  
Well handled in that fearful race, and never slackening speed,  
The chargers struggle gallantly, nor fail them at their need.

In vain the dusky giants spread all over that rough ground ;  
With cruel eyes and glistening teeth, like panthers leap around ;  
Melvill's skilled bridle hand is there, and Coghill's hovering sword ;  
A new escape each stride, but still, they foil that furious horde.



Till, toiling through the reed-beds dank, and up the wild  
ravine,

They gain the open hill-top whence the longed-for Drift  
is seen.

Alas! the rifles flash and ring—alas! like billows roll  
Besieging masses to and fro, between them and their  
goal.

The last frail chance they feel is gone, and turn at once  
aside:

But turn without despairing, since not for themselves they  
ride.

Beyond the flood, a furlong's breadth, the land is English  
land,

And they must bear our Colours there, though in a dying  
hand.

They plunge and swim, the stream runs on—runs dark  
with priceless gore,

But that high purpose in the heart lends life, and something  
more;

For though their best blood mingle with the rain-swelled  
river's foam,

Death has no power to stop them till they bring their  
Colours home.

Death had not power to stop them. No! when through  
spates rolling dim,

Melvill, half-drowned, cried out aloud to help the Flag, not  
him;

When Coghill, crippled and outworn, retreading that grim  
track,

A martyr in war's noble faith, to certain fate rode back—

They had, it might be thought, to die, leaving their work  
half done,

But aids unseen rose up to end the task so well begun:

It was as if the intense desire through earth, air, water  
wrought,

Passed from them with their passing souls, and home the  
Colours brought.

Those Colours, saved for happier days, and armed with that  
desire,  
Shall feel the last breath of the dead thrill through their  
folds like fire ;  
And by the spirit-memories of that bold ride made strong,  
O'er many a battlefield in power shall yet be borne along.  
But those who shielded them from shame, and through  
fierce thousands made  
A passage for them with their blood, are in one silence  
laid ;  
Silence between the strife and them, between them and  
the cheers  
That greet the Flag returning slow, the welcome and the  
tears.

For now, forgetting that wild ride, forgetful of all pain,  
High amongst those who have not lived, who have not  
died, in vain,  
By strange stars watched, they sleep afar, within some  
nameless glen,  
Beyond the tumult and the noise, beyond the praise of men.  
But we who feel what wealth of hope for ever there was  
lost,  
What bitter sorrow burns for them, how dear those Colours  
cost,  
Can but recall the sad old truth, so often said and sung,  
That brightest lives fade first—that those whom the gods  
love die young.

*Sir Francis Hastings Doyle, "The Return of the Guards and  
other Poems".*

## LXXVII

## COLONEL BURNABY

(17 JANUARY 1885)

Thou that on every field of earth and sky  
Didst hunt for Death, who seemed to flee and fear,  
How great and greatly fallen dost thou lie  
Slain in the Desert by some wandering spear :

"Not here, alas!" May England say, "not here.  
 Nor in this quarrel was it meet to die,  
 But in that dreadful battle drawing nigh  
 To thunder through the Afghan passes sheer.

Like Aias by the ships thou shouldst have stood,  
 And in some glen have stayed the stream of flight,  
 The bulwark of thy people and their shield,  
 When Indus or when Helmund ran with blood,  
 Till back into the Northland and the Night  
 The smitten Eagles scattered from the field."

*Andrew Lang, "Grass of Parnassus".*

## LXXVIII

## ODE ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL GORDON

(25 JANUARY, 1855)

On through the Libyan sand  
 Rolls ever, mile on mile,  
 League on long league, cleaving the rainless land,  
 Fed by no friendly wave, the immemorial Nile.

Down through the cloudless air,  
 Undimmed, from heaven's sheer height,  
 Bend their inscrutable gaze, austere and bare,  
 In long-proceeding pomp, the stars of Libyan night.

Beneath the stars, beside the unpausing flood,  
 Earth trembles at the wandering lion's roar;  
 Trembles again, when in blind thirst of blood  
 Sweep the wild tribes along the startled shore.

They sweep and surge and struggle, and are gone:  
 The mournful desert silence reigns again,  
 The immemorial River rolleth on,  
 The ordered stars gaze blank upon the plain.

O awful Presence of the lonely Nile,  
 O awful Presence of the starry sky,  
 Lo, in this little while  
 Unto the mind's true-seeing inward eye

There hath arisen there  
 Another haunting Presence as sublime,  
 As great, as sternly fair ;  
 Yea, rather fairer far  
 Than stream, or sky, or star,  
 To live while star shall burn or river roll,  
 Unmarred by marring Time,  
 The crown of Being, a heroic soul.

Beyond the weltering tides of worldly change  
 He saw the invisible things,  
 The eternal Forms of beauty and of Right ;  
 Wherewith well pleased his spirit wont to range,  
 Rapt with divine delight,  
 Richer than empires, royaler than Kings.

Lover of children, lord of fiery fight,  
 Saviour of empires, servant of the poor,  
 Not in the sordid scales of earth, unsure,  
 Depraved, adulterate,  
 He measured small and great,  
 But by some righteous balance wrought in heaven,  
 To his pure hand by Powers empyreal given ;  
 Therewith, by men unmoved, as God he judged aright.

As on the broad sweet-watered river tost  
 Falls some poor grain of salt,  
 And melts to naught, nor leaves embittering trace ;  
 As in the o'er-arching vault  
 With unrepelled assault  
 A cloudy climbing vapour, lightly lost,  
 Vanisheth utterly in the starry space ;  
 So from our thought, when his enthroned estate  
 We inly contemplate,  
 All wrangling phantoms fade, and leave us face to face.

Dwell in us, sacred Spirit, as in thee  
 Dwelt the eternal Love, the eternal Life,  
 Nor dwelt in only thee ; not thee alone  
 We honour reverently,  
 But in thee all who in some succouring strife,  
 By day or dark, world-witnessed or unknown,  
 Crushed by the crowd, or in late harvest hailed,  
 Warring thy war have triumphed, or have failed.

Nay, but not only there  
 Broods thy great Presence, o'er the Libyan plain.  
 It haunts a kindlier clime, a dearer air,  
 The liberal air of England, thy loved home.  
 Thou through her sunlit clouds and flying rain  
 Breathe, and all winds that sweep her island shore—  
 Rough fields of riven foam,  
 Where in stern watch her guardian breakers roar.  
 Ay, throned with all her mighty memories,  
 Wherefrom her nobler sons their nurture draw,  
 With all of good or great  
 For aye incorporate,  
 That rears her race to faith and generous shame,  
 To high-aspiring awe,  
 To hate implacable of thick-thronging lies,  
 To scorn of gold and gauds and clamorous fame ;  
 With all we guard most dear and most divine,  
 All records ranked with thine,  
 Here be thy home, brave soul, thy undecaying shrine.  
*Ernest Myers, "The Judgment of Prometheus".*

## LXXIX

## "FUZZY-WUZZY "

*(Soudan Expeditionary Force)*

(1889)

We've fought with many men acrost the seas,  
 An' some of 'em was brave an' some was not ;  
 The Paythan an' the Zulu an' Burmese ;  
 But the Fuzzy was the finest o' the lot.  
 We never got a ha'porth's change of 'im :  
 'E squatted in the scrub an' 'ocked our 'orses,  
 'E cut our sentries up at Suakin  
 An' 'e played the cat an' banjo with our forces.  
 So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Soudan ;  
 You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class fightin' man ;  
 We gives you your certificate, an' if you want it signed  
 We'll come an' 'ave a romp with you whenever you're  
 inclined.

We took our chanst among the Kyber 'ills,  
 The Boers knocked us silly at a mile,  
 The Burman give us Irriwaddy chills,  
 An' a Zulu *impi* dished us up in style :  
 But all we ever got from such as they  
 Was pap to what the Fuzzy made us swaller ;  
 We 'eld our bloomin' own, the papers say,  
 But man for man the Fuzzy knocked us 'oller.

Then 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' the missis an' the  
 kid ;

Our orders was to break you, an' of course we went an' did.  
 We sloshed you with Martinis, an' it wasn't 'ardly fair ;  
 But for all the odds agin' you, Fuzzy-Wuz, you broke the  
 square.

'E 'as'nt got no papers of 'is own,  
 'E 'as'nt got no medals nor rewards,  
 So we must certify the skill 'e's shown  
 In usin' of 'is 'long two-'anded swords ;  
 When 'e's 'oppin' in an' out among the bush  
 With 'is coffin-'aded shield an' shovel-spear,  
 An 'appy day with Fuzzy on the rush  
 Will last an 'ealthy Tommy for a year.

So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' your friends which are  
 no more,  
 f we 'adn't lost some messmates we would 'elp you to  
 deplore ;  
 But give an' take's the gospel, an' we'll call the bargain  
 fair,  
 For if you 'ave lost more than us, you crumpled up the  
 square.

'E rushes at the smoke when we let drive,  
 An' before we know, 'e's 'ackin' at our 'ead ;  
 'E's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive,  
 An' 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's dead.  
 'E's a daisy, 'e's a ducky, 'e's a lamb !  
 'E's a injia-rubber idiot on the spree,  
 'E's the on'y thing that doesn't give a dam  
 For a Regiment o' British Infantee !

So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Soudan ;  
 You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class fightin'  
 man ;  
 An' 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with your 'ayrick 'ead of  
 'air—  
 You big black boundin' beggar—for you broke a British  
 square !

*Rudyard Kipling, " Barrack-room Ballads ".*

## LXXX

# IS WAR THE ONLY THING THAT HAS NO GOOD IN IT?

They say that " war is hell," the " great accursed,"  
 The sin impossible to be forgiven ;  
 Yet I can look beyond it at his worst,  
 And still find blue in heaven.

And as I note how nobly natures form  
 Under the war's red rain, I deem it true  
 That He who made the earthquake and the storm  
 Perchance makes battles too !

The life He loves is not the life of span  
 Abbreviated by each passing breath,  
 It is the true humanity of Man  
 Victorious over death,

The long expectance of the upward gaze,  
 Sense ineradicable of things afar,  
 Fair hope of finding after many days  
 The bright and morning Star.

Methinks I see how spirits may be tried,  
 Transfigured into beauty on war's verge,  
 Like flowers, whose tremulous grace is learnt beside  
 The trampling of the surge.

And now, not only Englishmen at need  
 Have won a fiery and unequal fray,—  
 No infantry has ever done such deed  
 Since Albuera's day!

Those who live on amid our homes to dwell  
 Have grasped the higher lessons that endure,—  
 The gallant Private learns to practise well  
 His heroism obscure.

His heart beats high as one for whom is made  
 A mighty music solemnly, what time  
 The oratorio of the cannonade  
 Rolls through the hills sublime.

Yet his the dangerous posts that few can mark,  
 The crimson death, the dread unerring aim,  
 The fatal ball that whizzes through the dark,  
 The just-recorded name—

The faithful following of the flag all day,  
 The duty done that brings no nation's thanks,  
 The *Ama Nesciri* of some grim and gray  
 A Kempis of the ranks.

These are the things our commonweal to guard,  
 The patient strength that is too proud to press,  
 The duty done for duty, not reward,  
 The lofty littleness.

And they of greater state who never turned,  
 Taking their path of duty higher and higher,  
 What do we deem that they, too, may have learned  
 In that baptismal fire?

Not that the only end beneath the sun  
 Is to make every sea a trading lake,  
 And all our splendid English history one  
 Voluminous mistake.

They who marched up the bluffs last stormy week—  
 Some of them, ere they reached the mountain's crown,  
 The wind of battle breathing on their cheek  
 Suddenly laid them down.



Like sleepers—not like those whose race is run—  
 Fast, fast asleep amid the cannon's roar,  
 Them no reveille and no morning gun  
 Shall ever waken more.

And the boy-beauty passed from off the face  
 Of those who lived, and into it instead  
 Came proud forgetfulness of ball and race,  
 Sweet commune with the dead.

And thoughts beyond their thoughts the Spirit lent,  
 And manly tears made mist upon their eyes,  
 And to them came a great presentiment  
 Of high self-sacrifice.

Thus, as the heaven's many-coloured flames  
 At sunset are but dust in rich disguise,  
 The ascending earthquake dust of battle frames  
 God's pictures in the skies.

*William Alexander, D.D., "The Finding of The Book,  
 and other Poems".*

LXXXI

## PAT AT GLENCOE

(20 OCTOBER, 1899)

Seven rampageous hours, and still  
 They clung like bees to the blacken'd hill.  
 Singing and stinging the bullets came,  
 And the mist was torn by spirits of flame.  
 We watch'd them scuttle and duck and dive  
 As we utter'd our Maxims here and there;  
 But back they would swarm to the hive, alive,  
 And their sulky guns would croak and flare.  
 Citizens?—oh, we may argue about it;  
 Soldiers?—we go where we're order'd to go;  
 Yes, and, if anyone ventures to doubt it,  
 Troth, he may take the next turn at Glencoe.

At last our cannon below the town  
Had argued Paul's old ranters down.  
Our hearts kick'd out and our tongues were dumb ;  
We knew our taste of the luck had come.  
" King's Own Rifles and Fusiliers,  
You will advance and storm the hill ! "  
'Twas the fiddles of Heav'n to our thirsty ears,  
And we roar'd our answer, " Faith, we will ! "  
Citizens ?—oh, we may argue about it ;  
Soldiers ?—we go where we're order'd to go ;  
Yes, and, if anyone ventures to doubt it,  
Troth, he may take the next turn at Glencoe.

'Twas hail on the dropping forest then,  
But the hail was death and the leaves were men.  
A jerk of the arms and a face turn'd white,  
And the boy at your side was out of sight.  
'Twas climbing the devil's naked stairs,  
'Twas drinking hell from a loving cup !  
Then all in a moment 'twas hounds and hares—  
The Boers were down and the Jack was up.  
Citizens ?—oh, we may argue about it ;  
Soldiers ?—we go where we're order'd to go ;  
Yes, and, if anyone ventures to doubt it,  
Troth, he may take the next turn at Glencoe.

*Frederick Langbridge, " Ballads and Legends ".*

LXXXII

## HODGE THE DRUMMER

They throw in Drummer Hodge, to rest  
Uncoffined—just as found :  
His landmark is a kopje-crest  
That breaks the veldt around ;  
And foreign constellations west  
Each night above his mound.

Young Hodge the Drummer never knew—  
 Fresh from his Wessex home—  
 The meaning of the broad Karoo,  
 The Bush, the dusty loam,  
 And why uprose to nightly view  
 Strange stars amid the gloam.

Yet portion of that unknown plain  
 Will Hodge for ever be ;  
 His homely Northern breast and brain  
 Grow up a Southern tree,  
 And strange-eyed constellations reign  
 His stars eternally.

*Thomas Hardy*, "Poems of the Past and the Present".

LXXXIII

## THE BATTLE OF THE SEA OF JAPAN

(27 AND 28 MAY, 1905)

Great past all strength of watchers to appraise,  
 The deed by faith and patient valour done  
 When on Tsushima's waters sank the sun  
 And grim night's victory followed on the day's  
 Before the Western nations' wondering gaze  
 The East stood forth, and fought for life, and won.  
 Ship by ship foundered, gun by giant gun,  
 And a new Empire met the morning's rays.

What that fierce anguish meant what tongue can tell?  
 Fate's full desire what mortal power can name  
 Or read the secret of the word that came  
 Fire-winged from heaven through battle's monstrous hell?  
 But this we know, that some vast idol fell,  
 And Nelson's land is glad at Togo's fame.

*George Barlow*, "A Man's Vengeance".

## XI

### SONGS OF SEA-FARING

*Ye Gentlemen of England  
That live at home at ease,  
Ah, little do you think upon  
The dangers of the seas.*

*Marilyn Parker, "Song".*

*"Fool," he answer'd, "Death is sure  
To those that stay and those that roam,  
But I will nevermore endure  
To sit with empty hands at home."*

*Lord Tennyson, "The Sailor Boy".*

*The Lord knows what we may find, dear lass,  
And The Deuce knows what we may do—  
But we're back once more on the old trail, our own trail,  
the out trail,  
We're down, hull down on the Long Trail—the trail that is  
always new.*

*Rudyard Kipling, "L'Envoi".*

## LXXXIV

### YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

*Ye mariners of England I  
That guard our native seas;  
Whose flag has braved a thousand years  
The battle and the breeze.*

Your glorious standard launch again  
To match another foe !  
And sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy winds do blow ;  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers  
Shall start from every wave !  
For the deck it was their field of fame,  
And Ocean was their grave ;  
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,  
Your manly hearts shall glow,  
As ye sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy winds do blow ;  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,  
No towers along the steep ;  
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,  
Her home is on the deep.  
With thunders from her native oak,  
She quells the floods below,  
As they roar on the shore,  
When the stormy winds do blow ;  
When the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England  
Shall yet terrific burn ;  
Till danger's troubled night depart,  
And the star of peace return.  
Then, then, ye ocean warriors !  
Our song and feast shall flow,  
To the fame of your name,  
When the storm has ceased to blow ;  
When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
And the storm has ceased to blow.

LXXXV

## THE CREW OF THE LONG SERPENT

*(From "The Saga of King Olaf")*

Safe at anchor in Drontheim Bay  
King Olaf's fleet assembled lay,  
And, striped with white and blue,  
Downward fluttered sail and banner,  
As alights the screaming lanner ;  
Lustily cheered, in their wild manner,  
The Long Serpent's crew.

Her forecastle man was Ulf the Red ;  
Like a wolf's was his shaggy head,  
His teeth as large and white ;  
His beard, of gray and russet blended,  
Round as a swallow's nest descended ;  
As standard-bearer he defended  
Olaf's flag in the fight.

Near him Kolbiorn had his place,  
Like the King in garb and face,  
So gallant and so hale ;  
Every cabin boy and varlet  
Wondered at his cloak of scarlet ;  
Like a river, frozen and star-lit,  
Gleamed his coat of mail.

By the bulkhead, tall and dark,  
Stood Thrand Rame of Thelemark,  
A figure gaunt and grand ;  
On his hairy arm imprinted  
Was an anchor, azure-tinted ;  
Like Thor's hammer, huge and dinted  
Was his brawny hand.

Einar Tamberskelver, bare  
To the winds his golden hair,  
By the mainmast stood ;

Graceful was his form, and slender,  
And his eyes were deep and tender  
As a woman's in the splendour  
Of her maidenhood.

In the fore-hold Biorn and Bork  
Watched the sailors at their work :  
Heavens ! how they swore !  
Thirty men they each commanded,  
Iron-sinewed, horny-handed,  
Shoulders broad, and chests expanded,  
Tugging at the oar.

These, and many more like these,  
With King Olaf sailed the seas,  
Till the waters vast  
Filled them with a vague devotion,  
With the freedom and the motion,  
With the roll and roar of ocean  
And the sounding blast.

When they landed from the fleet,  
How they roared through Drontheim's street,  
Boisterous as the gale !  
How they laughed and stamped and pounded,  
Till the tavern roof resounded,  
And the host looked on astounded  
As they drank the ale !

Never saw the wild North Sea  
Such a gallant company  
Sail its billows blue !  
Never, while they cruised and quarrelled,  
Old King Gorm, or Blue-Tooth Harald,  
Owned a ship so well apparelled,  
Boasted such a crew !

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, "Poetical Works".*

LXXXVI

## THE SEA-KING'S GRAVE

(TENTH CENTURY)

High over the wild sea-border, on the furthest downs to  
the West,

Is the green grave-mound of the Norseman, with the yew-  
tree grove on its crest.

And I heard in the winds his story, as they leapt up salt  
from the wave,

And tore at the creaking branches that grow from the sea-  
king's grave ;

Some son of the old-world Vikings, the wild sea-wandering  
lords,

Who sailed in a snake-prowed galley, with a terror of twenty  
swords.

From the fiords of the sunless winter, they came on an icy  
blast,

Till over the whole world's sea-board the shadow of Odin  
passed,

Till they sped to the inland waters and under the South-  
land skies,

And stared on the puny princes with their blue victorious  
eyes.

And they said he was old and royal, and a warrior all his  
days,

But the king who had slain his brother lived yet in the  
island ways ;

And he came from a hundred battles, and died in his last  
wild quest,

For he said, " I will have my vengeance, and then I will  
take my rest."

He had passed on his homeward journey, and the king of  
the isles was dead ;

He had drunken the draught of triumph, and his cup was  
the Isle-king's head ;

And he spoke of the song and feasting, and the gladness  
of things to be,

And three days over the waters they rowed on a waveless  
sea ;



Till a small cloud rose to the shoreward, and a gust broke  
out of the cloud,  
And the spray beat over the rowers, and the murmur of  
winds was loud  
With the voice of the far-off thunders, till the shuddering  
air grew warm,  
And the day was as dark as at even, and the wild god  
rode on the storm.  
But the old man laughed in the thunder as he set his casque  
on his brow,  
And he waved his sword in the lightning and clung to the  
painted prow.  
And a shaft from the storm-god's quiver flashed out from  
the flame-flushed skies,  
Rang down on his war-worn harness and gleamed in his  
fiery eyes,  
And his mail and his crested helmet, and his hair, and his  
beard burned red;  
And they said, "It is Odin calls;" and he fell, and they  
found him dead.

So here, in his war-guise armoured, they laid him down to  
his rest,  
In his casque with the reindeer antlers, and the long grey  
beard on his breast;  
His bier was the spoil of the islands, with a sail for a  
shroud beneath,  
And an oar of his blood-red galley, and his battle-brand in  
the sheath;  
And they buried his bow beside him, and planted the grove  
of yew,  
For the grave of a mighty archer, one tree for each of his  
crew;  
Where the flowerless cliffs are sheerest, where the sea-birds  
circle and swarm,  
And the rocks are at war with the waters, with their jagged  
grey teeth in the storm;  
And the huge Atlantic billows sweep in, and the mists en-  
close  
The hill with the grass-grown mound where the Norseman's  
yew-tree grows.

*Sir Rennell Rodd, "Poems in many Lands".*

## LXXXVII

## THE SAILING OF THE SWORD

Across the empty garden-beds,  
    *When the Sword went out to sea,*  
I scarcely saw my sisters' heads  
    Bow'd each beside a tree.  
I could not see the castle leads,  
    *When the Sword went out to sea.*

Alicia wore a scarlet gown,  
    *When the Sword went out to sea,*  
But Ursula's was russet brown :  
    For the mist we could not see  
The scarlet roofs of the good town,  
    *When the Sword went out to sea.*

Green holly in Alicia's hand,  
    *When the Sword went out to sea ;*  
With sere oak-leaves did Ursula stand ;  
    O ! yet alas for me !  
I did but bear a peel'd white wand,  
    *When the Sword went out to sea.*

O, russet brown and scarlet bright,  
    *When the Sword went out to sea,*  
My sisters wore ; I wore but white :  
    Red, brown, and white, are three ;  
Three damozels ; each had a knight,  
    *When the Sword went out to sea.*

Sir Robert shouted loud, and said :  
    *When the Sword went out to sea,*  
Alicia, while I see thy head,  
    What shall I bring for thee ?  
O, my sweet Lord, a ruby red :  
    *The Sword went out to sea.*

Sir Miles said, while the sails hung down,  
    *When the Sword went out to sea,*  
O, Ursula ! while I see the town,  
    What shall I bring for thee ?  
Dear Knight, bring back a falcon brown :  
    *The Sword went out to sea.*

But my Roland, no word he said  
*When the Sword went out to sea,*  
 But only turn'd away his head;  
 A quick shriek came from me;  
 Come back, dear lord, to your white maid  
*The Sword went out to sea.*

The hot sun hit the garden-beds  
*When the Sword came back from sea*;  
 Beneath an apple-tree our heads  
 Stretch'd out toward the sea;  
 Grey gleam'd the thirsty castle-leads,  
*When the Sword came back from sea.*

Lord Robert brought a ruby red,  
*When the Sword came back from sea*  
 He kiss'd Alicia on the head:  
 I am come back to thee;  
 'Tis time, sweet love, that we were wed  
*Now the Sword is back from sea!*

Sir Miles he bore a falcon brown,  
*When the Sword came back from sea*;  
 His arms went round tall Ursula's gown:  
 What joy, O love, but thee?  
 Let us be wed in the good town,  
*Now the Sword is back from sea!*

My heart grew sick, no more afraid,  
*When the Sword came back from sea*;  
 Upon the deck a tall white maid  
 Sat on Lord Roland's knee;  
 His chin was press'd upon her head,  
*When the Sword came back from sea!*

William Morris, "The Defence of Guinevere,  
 and Other Poems".

LXXXVIII

SIR PATRICK SPENS

(1281 ?)

The King sits in Dunfermline town,  
 Drinking the blude-red wine.  
 "O whare will I get a skeely skipper  
 To sail this new ship of mine?"

O up and spake an eldern knight,  
Sat at the King's right knee—  
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor  
That ever sail'd the sea?"

Our king has written a braid letter,  
And sealed it with his hand,  
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,  
Was walking on the strand.

"To Noroway, to Noroway,  
To Noroway o'er the faem;  
The king's daughter of Noroway,  
'Tis thou maun bring her hame."

The first word that Sir Patrick read,  
Sae loud, loud laughed he;  
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,  
The tear blinded his e'e.

"O wha is this has done this deed,  
And tauld the king o' me,  
To send us out, at this time of the year,  
To sail upon the sea?"

"Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,  
Our ship must sail the faem;  
The king's daughter of Noroway,  
'Tis we must fetch her hame."

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn,  
Wi' a' the haste they may;  
And they hae landed in Noroway  
Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a weck, a weck  
In Noroway but twae,  
When that the lords o' Noroway  
Began aloud to say—

"Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's goud,  
And a' our queenis fee."  
"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!  
Fu' loud I hear ye lie!"

"For I brought as much white monie  
As gane my men and me,  
And I brought a half-fou' o' gude red gould,  
Out o'er the sea wi' me.

"Make ready, make ready, my merry-men a'!  
Our gude ship sails the morn."  
"Now ever alake, my master dear,  
I fear a deadly storm!

"I saw the new moon, late yestreen,  
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;  
And if we gang to sea, master,  
I fear we'll come to harm."

They hadna sail'd a league, a league,  
A league but barely three,  
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,  
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the top-masts lap,  
It was sic a deadly storm;  
And the waves cam o'er the broken ship,  
Till a' her sides were torn.

"O where will I get a gude sailor  
To take my helm in hand,  
Till I get up to the tall top-mast,  
To see if I can spy land?"

"O here am I a sailor gude,  
To take the helm in hand,  
Till ye get up to the tall top-mast;  
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land."

He hadna gane a step, a step,  
A step but barely ane,  
When a bolt flew out of our goodly ship,  
And the salt sea it came in.

"Gae, fetch a web o' the silken claith,  
Another o' the twine,  
And wap them into our ship's side,  
And let na the sea come in."

They fetch'd a web o' the silken claith,  
Another o' the twine,  
And they wapped them round that gude ship,  
But still the sea came in.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords  
To weet their milk-white hands !  
But lang ere a' the play was o'er  
They wat their gowden bands.

O laith, laith, were our gude Scots lords  
To weet their cork-heel'd shoon !  
But lang ere a' the play was play'd  
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather-bed  
That fluttered on the faem,  
And mony was the gude lord's son  
That never mair cam hame.

The ladyes wrang their fingers white,  
The maidens tore their hair,  
A' for the sake of their true loves,  
For them they'll see na mair.

O lang, lang may the ladyes sit,  
Wi' their fans into their hand,  
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens  
Come sailing to the strand !

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,  
Wi' the goud kaims in their hair,  
A waiting for their ain dear loves !  
For them they'll see na mair.

O forty miles off Aberdour,  
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,  
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,  
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

*Old Ballad, "Border Ballads".*

## THE LAST BUCCANIER

(EARLY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY)

Oh England is a pleasant place for them that's rich and high,  
But England is a cruel place for such poor folks as I ;  
And such a port for mariners I ne'er shall see again  
As the pleasant isle of Avès, beside the Spanish main.

There were forty craft in Avès that were both swift and  
stout,  
All furnished well with small-arms and cannons round  
about ;

And a thousand men in Avès made laws so fair and free  
To choose their gallant captains and obey them loyally.

Thence we sailed against the Spaniard with his hoards of  
plate and gold,  
Which he wrung with cruel tortures from Indian folk of  
old ;

Likewise the merchant captains, with hearts as hard as  
stone,  
Who flog men, and keel-haul them, and starve them to the  
bone.

Oh the palms grew high in Avès, and fruits that shone  
like gold,  
And the colibris and parrots they were gorgeous to behold ;  
And the negro maids to Avès from bondage fast did flee,  
'To welcome gallant sailors, a-sweeping in from sea.

Oh sweet it was in Avès to hear the landward breeze,  
A-swing with good tobacco in a net between the trees,  
With a negro lass to fan you, while you listened to the  
roar  
Of the breakers on the reef outside, that never touched  
the shore.

But Scripture saith, an ending to all fine things must be,  
So the King's ships sailed on Avès, and quite put down  
were we.

All day we fought like bulldogs, but they burst the booms  
at night ;  
And I fled in a piragua, sore wounded, from the fight.

Nine days I floated starving, and a negro lass beside,  
 Till, for all I tried to cheer her, the poor young creature  
 died ;  
 But, as I lay a-gasping, a Bristol sail came by,  
 And brought me home to England here, to beg until I die.  
 And now I'm old, and going—I'm sure I can't tell where ;  
 One comfort is, this world's so hard, I can't be worse off  
 there ;  
 If I might but be a sea-dove, I'd fly across the main  
 To the pleasant Isle of Avès, to look at it once again.  
 Charles Kingsley, "Poems".

xc

## THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE

(28 JUNE, 1782)

Toll for the brave !  
 The brave that are no more !  
 All sunk beneath the wave,  
 Fast by their native shore !

Eight hundred of the brave,  
 Whose courage well was tried,  
 Had made the vessel heel,  
 And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds,  
 And she was overset ;  
 Down went the *Royal George*  
 With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave !  
 Brave Kempenfelt is gone,  
 His last sea-fight is fought,  
 His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle,  
 No tempest gave the shock ;  
 She sprang no fatal leak,  
 She ran upon no rock.



His sword was in its sheath,  
 His fingers held the pen,  
 When Kempenfelt went down,  
 With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,  
 Once dreaded by our foes !  
 And mingle with our cup  
 The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,  
 And she may float again,  
 Full charged with England's thunder.  
 And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,  
 His victories are o'er ;  
 And he and his eight hundred  
 Shall plough the wave no more.

*William Cowper, " Poetical Works "*

xcı

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,  
 A wind that follows fast,  
 And fills the white and rustling sail,  
 And bends the gallant mast ;  
 And bends the gallant mast, my boys,  
 While, like the eagle free,  
 Away the good ship flies, and leaves  
 Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind !  
 I heard a fair one cry ;  
 But give to me the snoring breeze,  
 And white waves heaving high.  
 The white waves heaving high, my boys,  
 The good ship tight and free—  
 The world of waters is our home,  
 And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,  
 And lightning in yon cloud ;  
 And hark the music, mariners,  
 The wind is piping loud ;  
 The wind is piping loud, my boys,  
 The lightning flashing free—  
 While the hollow oak our palace is,  
 Our heritage the sea.

*Allan Cunningham, "Poems and Songs".*

## XCH

## TOM BOWLING

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,  
 The darling of our crew ;  
 No more he'll hear the tempest howling,  
 For Death has broach'd him to.  
 His form was of the manliest beauty,  
 His heart was kind and soft ;  
 Faithful, below, he did his duty,  
 But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,  
 His virtues were so rare ;  
 His friends were many and true-hearted,  
 His Poll was kind and fair ;  
 And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly ;  
 Ah, many's the time and oft !  
 But mirth is turned to melancholy,  
 For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,  
 When He who all commands  
 Shall give, to call life's crew together,  
 The word to pipe all hands.  
 Thus Death, who kings and tars dispatches,  
 In vain Tom's life has doffed ;  
 For, though his body's under hatches,  
 His soul is gone aloft.

*Charles Dibdin, "The Oddities".*

## POOR JACK

Go, patter to lubbers and swabs, do you see,  
 'Bout danger, and fear, and the like ;  
 A tight-water boat and good sea-room give me,  
 And it a'nt to a little I'll strike.  
 Though the tempest top-gallant-mast smack smooth should  
   smite,  
 And shiver each splinter of wood,  
 Clear the deck, stow the yards, and bouse everything tight,  
 And under reefed foresail we'll scud :  
 Avast ! nor don't think me a milksop so soft,  
 To be taken for trifles aback ;  
 For they say there's a providence sits up aloft,  
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack !

I heard our good chaplain palaver one day,  
 About souls, heaven, mercy, and such ;  
 And, my timbers ! what lingo he'd coil and belay ;  
 Why, 'twas just all as one as High Dutch ;  
 For he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,  
 Without orders that come down below ;  
 And many fine things that proved clearly to me  
 That providence takes us in tow ;  
 For, says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft  
 Take the top-sails of sailors aback,  
 There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,  
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack !

I said to our Poll—for, d'ye see, she would cry—  
 When last we weighed anchor for sea,  
 What argufies snivelling and piping your eye ?  
 Why, what a rare fool you must be !  
 Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room for us :  
 Both for seamen and lubbers ashore ?  
 And if to old Davy I should go, friend Poll,  
 You never will hear of me more.  
 What then ? All's a hazard : come, don't be so soft ;  
 Perhaps I may laughing come back ;  
 For, d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,  
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack !

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch  
 All as one as a piece of the ship,  
 And with her brave the world, not offering to flinch,  
 From the moment the anchor's a-trip.  
 As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides and ends,  
 Nought's a trouble from duty that springs,  
 For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's my friend's;  
 And as for my life, 'tis the King's.  
 Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft,  
 As for grief to be taken aback,  
 For the same little cherub that sits up aloft  
 Will look out a good berth for poor Jack!

*Charles Dibdin, "The Oddities".*

XCIV

THE CAPTAIN STOOD ON THE CARRONADE

The Captain stood on the carronade—First lieutenant,  
 says he,  
 Send all my merry men aft here, for they must list to me;  
 I haven't the gift of the gab, my sons—because I'm bred  
 to the sea;  
 That ship there is a Frenchman, who means to fight with we.  
 Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,  
 I've fought 'gainst every odds—but I've gained the  
 victory.

That ship there is a Frenchman, and if we don't take *she*,  
 'Tis a thousand bullets to one, that she will capture *we*;  
 I haven't the gift of the gab, my boys: so each man to his  
 gun;  
 If she's not mine in half an hour, I'll flog each mother's son.

Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,  
 I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've gained the  
 victory.

We fought for twenty minutes, when the Frenchman had  
 enough;  
 A little thought, said he, that your men were of such stuff;

The Captain took the Frenchman's sword, a low bow made  
to *he*;

I haven't the gift of the gab, monsieur, but polite I wish  
to be.

Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,  
I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've gained the  
victory.

Our Captain sent for all of us; my merry men, said he,  
I haven't the gift of the gab, my lads, but yet I thankful be:  
You've done your duty handsomely, each man stood to his  
gun;

If you hadn't, you villains, as sure as day, I'd have flogged  
each mother's son.

Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, as long as I'm at the sea,  
I'll fight 'gainst every odds—and I'll gain the victory.

*Captain Marryat, "Snarloyrow".*

# xcv

## THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION

One night came on a hurricane,  
The sea was mountains rolling,  
When Barney Bantline turn'd his quid,  
And said to Billy Bowling:  
"A strong nor'-wester's blowing, Bill;  
Hark! don't ye hear it roar now?  
Lord help 'em, how I pities all  
Unhappy folks on shore now!

"Fool-hardy chaps who live in towns,  
What danger they are all in,  
And now lie quaking in their beds,  
For fear the roof shall fall in!  
Poor creatures, how they envies us,  
And wishes, I've a notion,  
For our good luck, in such a storm  
To be upon the ocean!

“And as for them who’re out all day,  
 On business from their houses,  
 And late at night are coming home,  
 To cheer their babes and spouses;  
 While you and I, Bill, on the deck  
 Are comfortably lying,  
 My eyes! what tiles and chimney-pots  
 About their heads are flying!

“And very often have we heard  
 How men are killed and undone,  
 By overturns of carriages,  
 By thieves, and fires in London.  
 We know what risks all landsmen run,  
 From noblemen to tailors;  
 Then, Bill, let us thank Providence  
 That you and I are sailors.”

*Charles Dibdin (?)*

XCVI

THE SEA

The sea, the sea, the open sea,  
 The blue, the fresh, the ever free;  
 Without a mark, without a bound,  
 It runneth the earth's wide regions round.  
 It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies, &  
 Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea, I'm on the sea,  
 I am where I would ever be,  
 With the blue above and the blue below  
 And silence wheresoe'er I go.  
 If a storm should come and awake the deep,  
 What matter! I shall ride and sleep.

I love, O how I love! to ride  
 On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,  
 When every mad wave drowns the moon,  
 And whistles aloft his tempest tune:  
 And tells how goeth the world below,  
 And why the south-west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,  
 But I loved the great sea more and more,  
 And backwards flew to her billowy breast,  
 Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest—  
 And a mother she was and is to me,  
 For I was born on the open sea.

The waves were white, and red the morn,  
 In the noisy hour when I was born;  
 The whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,  
 And the dolphins bared their backs of gold,  
 And never was heard such an outcry wild,  
 As welcomed to life the ocean child.

I have lived since then in calm and strife,  
 Full fifty summers a rover's life,  
 With wealth to spend and a power to range,  
 But never have sought nor sighed for change.  
 And Death, wherever he come to me,  
 Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea.

*Bryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall),  
 "English Poems".*

XCVII

THE CAPTAIN

A LEGEND OF THE NAVY

He that only rules by terror  
 Doeth grievous wrong.  
 Deep as Hell I count his error.  
 Let him hear my song.  
 Brave the Captain was: the seamen  
 Made a gallant crew,  
 Gallant sons of English freemen,  
 Sailors bold and true.  
 But they hated his oppression,  
 Stern he was and rash;  
 So for every light transgression  
 Doom'd them to the lash.  
 Day by day more harsh and cruel  
 Seem'd the Captain's mood.

Secret wrath like smother'd fuel  
Burnt in each man's blood.  
Yet he hoped to purchase glory,  
Hoped to make the name  
Of his vessel great in story,  
Wheresoe'er he came.  
So they past by capes and islands,  
Many a harbour-mouth,  
Sailing under palmy highlands  
Far within the South.  
On a day when they were going  
O'er the lone expanse,  
In the north, her canvas flowing,  
Rose a ship of France.  
Then the Captain's colour heighten'd,  
Joyful came his speech :  
But a cloudy gladness lighten'd  
In the eyes of each.  
"Chase," he said : the ship flew forward,  
And the wind did blow ;  
Stately, lightly, went she Norward,  
Till she near'd the foe.  
Then they look'd at him they hated,  
Had what they desired :  
Mute with folded arms they waited—  
Not a gun was fired.  
But they heard the foeman's thunder  
Roaring out their doom ;  
All the air was torn in sunder,  
Crashing went the boom,  
Spars were splinter'd, decks were shatter'd,  
Bullets fell like rain ;  
Over mast and deck were scatter'd  
Blood and brains of men.  
Spars were splinter'd ; decks were broken :  
Every mother's son—  
Down they dropt—no word was spoken—  
Each beside his gun.  
On the decks as they were lying,  
Were their faces grim.



In their blood, as they lay dying,  
 Did they smile on him.  
 Those, in whom he had reliance  
 For his noble name,  
 With one smile of still defiance  
 Sold him unto shame.  
 Shame and wrath his heart confounded,  
 Pale he turn'd and red,  
 Till himself was deadly wounded,  
 Falling on the dead.  
 Dismal error ! fearful slaughter !  
 Years have wander'd by,  
 Side by side beneath the water  
 Crew and Captain lie ;  
 There the sunlit ocean tosses  
 O'er them mouldering,  
 And the lonely seabird crosses  
 With one waft of the wing.

*Lord Tennyson, " Poetical Works ".*

### XCVIII

## THE ADMIRAL'S GHOST

I tell you a tale to-night  
 Which a seaman told to me,  
 With eyes that gleamed in the lanthorn light  
 And a voice as low as the sea.  
 You could almost hear the stars  
 Twinkling up in the sky,  
 And the old wind woke and moaned in the spars  
 And the same old waves went by,  
 Singing the same old song  
 As ages and ages ago,  
 While he froze my blood in that deep-sea night  
 With the things that he seemed to know.  
 A bare foot pattered on deck ;  
 Ropes creaked ; then—all grew still,  
 And he pointed his finger straight in my face  
 And growled, as a sea-dog will.

"Do 'ee know who Nelson was?  
That pore little shrivelled form  
With the patch on his eye and the pinned-up sleeve  
And a soul like a North Sea storm?

"Ask of the Devonshire men!  
They know, and they'll tell you true;  
He wasn't the pore little chawed-up chap  
That Hardy thought he knew.

"He wasn't the man you think!  
His patch was a dern disguise!  
For he knew that they'd find him out, d'you see,  
If they looked him in both his eyes.

"He was twice as big as he seemed;  
But his clothes were cunningly made.  
He'd both of his hairy arms all right!  
The sleeve was a trick of the trade.

"You've heard of sperrits, no doubt;  
Well, there's more in the matter than that!  
But he wasn't the patch and he wasn't the sleeve,  
And he wasn't the laced cocked-hat.

"*Nelson was just—a ghost!*  
You may laugh! But the Devonshire men  
They knew that he'd come when England called,  
And they know that he'll come again.

"I'll tell you the way it was  
(For none of the landsmen know),  
And to tell it you right, you must go a-starn  
Two hundred years or so.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The waves were lapping and slapping  
The same as they are to-day;  
And Drake lay dying aboard his ship  
In Nombre Dios Bay.

"The scent of the foreign flowers  
Came floating all around;  
'But I'd give my soul for the smell o' the pitch,'  
Says he, 'in Plymouth Sound.

" 'What shall I do,' he says,  
 'When the guns begin to roar,  
 An' England wants me, and me not there  
 To slatter 'er foes once more?'

" (You've heard what he said, maybe,  
 But I'll mark you the p'int's again;  
 For I want you to box your compass right  
 And get my story plain.)

" 'You must take my drum,' he says,  
 'To the old sea-wall at home;  
 And if ever you strike that drum,' he says,  
 'Why, strike me blind, I'll come!

" 'If England needs me, dead  
 Or living, I'll rise that day!  
 I'll rise from the darkness under the sea  
 Ten thousand miles away.'

" That's what he said; and he died;  
 An' his pirates, listenin' roun',  
 With their crimson doublets and jewelled swords  
 That flashed as the sun went down—

" They sewed him up in his shroud  
 With a round-shot top and toe,  
 To sink him under the salt sharp sea  
 Where all good seamen go.

" They lowered him down in the deep,  
 And there in the sunset light,  
 They boomed a broadside over his grave  
 As meanin' to say 'Good-night'.

" They sailed away in the dark  
 To the dear little isle they knew;  
 And they hung his drum by the old sea-wall  
 The same as he told them to. ✓

\* \* \* \* \*

" Two hundred years went by,  
 And the guns began to roar,  
 And England was fighting hard for her life,  
 As ever she fought of yore.

" 'It's only my dead that count,'  
She said, as she says to-day ;  
' It isn't the ships and it isn't the guns  
'Ull sweep Trafalgar's Bay.'

" D'you guess who Nelson was ?  
You may laugh, but it's true as true !  
There was more in that pore little chawed-up chap  
Than ever his best friend knew.

" The foe was creepin' close,  
In the dark, to our white-cliffed isle ;  
They were ready to leap at England's throat,  
When—O, you may smile, you may smile ;

" But—ask of the Devonshire men ;  
For they heard in the dead of night  
The roll of a drum, and they saw *him* pass  
On a ship all shining white.

" He stretched out his dead cold face  
And he sailed in the grand old way !  
The fishes had taken an eye and an arm  
But—he swept Trafalgar's Bay.

" Nelson—was Francis Drake !  
O, what matters the uniform,  
Or watch on your eye or your pinned-up sleeve,  
If your soul's like a North Sea storm ? "

*Alfred Noyes, " Collected Poems," Vol. II.*

XCIX

OLD IRONSIDES

(1830)

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down !  
Long has it waved on high,  
And many an eye has danced to see  
That banner in the sky ;

## THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

Beneath it rang the battle shout,  
 And burst the cannon's roar ;  
 The meteor of the ocean air  
 Shall sweep the clouds no more !

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,  
 Where knelt the vanquished foe,  
 When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,  
 And waves were white below,  
 No more shall feel the victor's tread,  
 Or know the conquered knee ;—  
 The harpies of the shore shall pluck  
 The eagle of the sea !

O better that her shattered hulk  
 Should sink beneath the wave ;  
 Her thunders shook the mighty deep,  
 And there should be her grave ;  
 Nail to the mast her holy flag,  
 Set every threadbare sail,  
 And give her to the god of storms,  
 The lightning and the gale !

*Oliver Wendell Holmes, " Poetical Works".*

c

## THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

(15, 16 DECEMBER, 1839)

It was the schooner Hesperus,  
 That sailed the wintry sea ;  
 And the skipper had taken his little daughter,  
 To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,  
 Her cheeks like the dawn of day,  
 And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,  
 That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,  
His pipe was in his mouth,  
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow,  
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailör,  
Had sailed the Spanish Main,  
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,  
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,  
And to-night no moon we see!"  
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,  
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,  
A gale from the north-east;  
The snow fell hissing in the brine,  
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm and smote amain  
The vessel in its strength;  
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,  
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,  
And do not tremble so,  
For I can weather the roughest gale,  
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat  
Against the stinging blast;  
He cut a rope from a broken spar,  
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church bells ring,  
O say what may it be?"  
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"—  
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,  
O say what may it be?"  
"Some ship in distress that cannot live  
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,  
O say what may it be?"  
But the father answered never a word,  
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,  
With his face turned to the skies,  
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow  
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed  
That saved she might be;  
And she thought of Christ who stilled the wave,  
On the lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and cold,  
Through the whistling sleet and snow,  
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept  
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between  
A sound came from the land;  
It was the sound of the trampling surf,  
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,  
She drifted a dreary wreck,  
And a whooping billow swept the crew  
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves  
Looked soft as carded wool,  
But the cruel rocks they gored her sides  
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,  
With the masts went by the board;  
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,  
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At day-break, on the bleak sea-beach,  
A fisherman stood aghast,  
To see the form of a maiden fair,  
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,  
 The salt tears in her eyes;  
 And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,  
 On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,  
 In the midnight and the snow!  
 Christ save us all from a death like this,  
 On the reef of Norman's Woe!

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, "Poetical Works".*

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## THE "BIRKENHEAD"

A TALE FOR ENGLISHMEN

(26 FEB., 1852)

It was silence. All was sleep. Night lay pillowed on  
 the Deep,  
 Death cold stars that watched unwinking in a cloudless sky,  
 And these whispered to the Wave, "Tell us stories of the  
 brave.  
 We would see this night thy pageant, 'How the English  
 die'."

When the Ocean called on Death, in his silent watch be-  
 neath,  
 Arm thyself for sudden slaughter. I will be to thee for  
 aid;  
 For the stars that rule this night would behold thee ride  
 in might  
 my battlesteed of terror o'er the souls of men afraid."  
 From his stillness Death upstirred at the summons that he  
 heard,  
 Throwing back his solemn answer to the mandate of the  
 main,  
 "Hear and I obey. Who are these thou would'st dis-  
 may?"  
 "English men," boomed slow the thunder of the sullen  
 Deep again.



Then Death answered, "Thou hast oft borne my battle-fla-  
aloft,  
Till men's voices, shrill with terror, stilled the wailing o'  
the wind;  
But the hearts of English men are as lions in their den.  
Though thou crush them down to silence, neither thou nor  
I shall bind;

"And the stars that look adown shall behold ours  
o'erthrown,  
Bearing witness that our masters are these men of Brit-  
race.  
Though thy billows overflow till their limbs are still  
below;  
Theirs the glory, theirs the triumph, who shall fight us face  
to face."

Then the sullen Ocean played round the ambush Den  
had laid,  
Rocking soft the gallant vessel where she rode its treache-  
ous tide,  
Till she touched the hidden rock, and night echoed to the  
shock  
Of her rending, whilst the waters stormed the breaches  
her side.

"A wreck! A wreck! A wreck!" Death's that war-er;  
but on deck  
No man cried. The captain's voice alone gave orders  
his crew;  
Whilst, like ants, out of the hold streamed young lads no  
veterans bold,  
Each beholding Death before him as a foeman that  
knew.

Every seaman toiled with will, but the boatswain's pipe  
came shrill,  
"Sixty men to man the pumps." And in a moment for  
they stood—  
Sixty soldiers stark and strong marched that shatter-  
deck along  
To give battle such as heroes seldom gave on field of blood

For these sixty, for the crew, there is somewhat set to do,  
And each comrad' 'gainst his fellow striveth nobly in the  
    race ;  
But four hundred red-coats stand to their ranks on either  
    hand,  
Watching Death draw nearer, nearer, whilst they eye him  
    face to face.

From the long, low line of coast, half a league away at  
    most,  
Life holds out a hand and beckons : " Safe is he that hither  
    flies.  
How your chance is, while she floats. For your lives, men,  
    seize the boats ! "  
But a coward is not found there, and no craven's voice  
    replies.

But those boats, 'tis shame to see, were but five, and are  
    but three.  
Helpless women, little children, are enough to fill them all.  
Ah ! the little ones and wives by the stronger stalwart  
    lives  
Are girt round with living breastplates when 'tis need that  
    Britons fall.

So the feebler lives go free o'er the treacherous smiling  
    sea,  
And the hearts of all are lightened that their toil is not in  
    vain,  
Striving till the fierce onrush, when the waters overgush  
All last fragment of denial, and the great ship parts in  
    O ! twain.

When the one half settles down. Easier so perchance to  
    drown,  
Than to live with these that linger 'neath the hollow eyes  
    of Death.  
Cries a leader, " All is o'er ; there is naught we may do  
    more ;  
But 'tis each man's right to strive alone, then strive whilst  
    ye have breath.